McK[redacted] County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner. ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager TERMS:—2.00 Per Year

VOL LVI. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1919 NO 5

LIEUT. CHADWICK FIRST YANK TO ENTER COLOGNE

The distinction of being the first Yank into Cologne is claimed by Lieutenant Everell Chadwick of the U. S. Medical Corps, son of Dr. Burg Chadwick, of Smethpot. Lieut. Chadwick was one of 1500 American M. D.'s loaned to the British Expeditionary Forces and was assigned to duty with the 9th Scottish division (regulars), 26th Brigade, 5th Cameron Highlanders. An extract from a recent letter is as follows: "Been rather active the past three weeks. Caught up with my unit after hunting over most of Belgium for them, through Brussels, Lorcain, Liege Spa and finally caught them at Verniers. Crossed over into Germany with them to Vicht; thence to Duren, Frechen and was, as far as I know, the first Yank into Cologne." He says the ignorance of the German population in regard to affairs of the war is appalling. The people of Cologne told them they would never be allowed to cross the Rhine. However, they did cross together with the Black Watch and Seaforths, British regiments brigaded with them, the first across the Rhine at Cologne. General Ferguson reviewed them on the east bank of the river, "and how the pipers did play the Scotch marches." They marched to Aplden the first day and then to Solingen, where Lieut. Chadwick was stationed when his last letter was written. Colonel Robin Campbell, the padre, adjutant, major and Lieut. Chadwick are in the same mess, "and need not state that we suffer for nothing." Lieutenant Chadwick describes Solingen as one of the largest manufacturing cities of Germany; cutlery being its principal product, "the Sheffield of Germany." He is living at present in the house of one of the most prominent manufacturers, who, before the war, owned a large factory in Philadelphia. He said that there was a rumor in Solingen that the United States and Japan had declared war upon each other. "You can never believe what you hear in this damned Hun country," says the Lieutenant. "A couple of Hun editors were fined several thousand marks just yesterday." His chances for promotion seem to have gone glimmering when he was transferred to the British. All those transferred were Lieutenants and, according to Everell, will so remain if they keep them there fifty years.

INTERESTING WAR TROPHIES.

The German helmets, intrenching tools, etc., on exhibition at Council of National Defense headquarters, are attracting much attention. They were collected by the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke near Amiens, where much fighting occurred. His collection of trophies also includes various vases made from shell casings. An American gas-mask left here by Paul Richmond, and a German gas-mask belonging to the Van Dyke collection, form an interesting comparison. The workmanship and efficiency of the American-made article is vastly superior to the German, which contains no rubber. Equipped with his gas-mask, the American soldier breathed through a rubber tube, with his nostrils tightly closed by a small but effective device, and the whole fabric part of the mask might have been torn from his face without fatal results, while a puncture in the fabric of the German mask was pretty certain to mean death if the wearer was in the poisonous gas area. One of the German steel helmets on exhibition contains some of the mud of the battlefield, while another one is camouflaged with green and black paint.

HOLD-UP MAN CAUGHT.

Charles Smith, hobo, whose top floor does not seem to be completely furnished, was landed one day recently by Constable Dickinson, while the tramp was sleeping in a boiler house on an oil lease near here. Numerous complaints have reached here of Smith demanding food at the point of a shotgun in the rural districts in this vicinity. Smith also is alleged to have stolen the shot-gun. He told his story to the constable claiming that there were twelve reasons why he could not work, most of these reasons having to do with physical and mental disability. He could not remember of ever having been married, this slight detail having completely escaped his memory. He said that his mother was a tramp and that his earliest recollections have to do with roaming over the country in her company.

HAPPILY MARRIED IN OLEAN.

Yesterday morning at 8 o'clock at St. Mary's of the Angels church, Olean, N. Y., occurred the marriage of Miss Anna Kick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kick of Olean and Francis B. Fay, son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fay, of Keating township, the ceremony being performed by Father Rengel.

The bride was gowned in wisteria velvet, and was attended by Miss Julia Fay, sister of the groom, as bridesmaid, who wore a gown of blue georgette crepe. Clarence Kick of Buffalo, N. Y., brother of the bride, was best man.

The bride is a teacher in the Olean schools, a most charming and popular young lady. Mr. Fay holds a responsible position with the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., of Smethport, and was recently mustered out of the service of the National army. Both have many friends who extend best wishes and congratulations.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay departed upon a wedding trip which will include visits to various points. They will soon be at home to their many friends at the Eberspacher house on East Main street.

LETTER FROM CHAS. HOLCOMB.

Lang, France, Dec. 10, 1918.

Dear Mother: Just a few lines to let you know we soon sail for the States. We have a truck train, a few Fords, and Dodge trucks, also other kinds, and motorcycles to get together. Some outfit. One soldier that I have been with the past two months carries his and my junk in his side car, and two other cycles carry two Lieutenants, and Captain Hill rides with me. We are now stopping at a small town outside of Lang. There are nine of us sleep in a room about the size of our sitting room at home. We have our bed ticks filled with straw and sleep on the floor in a stone house.

I have a few souvenirs that I am trying to bring home. I can bring them in my pack.

I suppose Dad is well. I am feeling well with the exception of a sore throat. Have been wearing hip boots the last few months and my feet sweat and are wet all of the time. Suppose that is what causes it. School is out here in the village for the noon hour. I hear clattering of wooden shoes. Well, guess this is all.

Chow call is sounded and here is hoping to be home some time in January with the 56th Engineers.

PT. CHAS. HOLCOMB
Co. D. 56th Engineers
29th Plats
A. P. O. 712, A. E. F.

LETTER FROM PATRICK HENRETTY.

France, December 8, 1918.

Dearest Mother:—Just a few lines to let you know I am still in the land of the living, and the happiest soldier in the A. E. F. Haven't received a letter from you for a long time but will not complain, as I know the mail service is slow. Don't know when I will get my discharge but we will be mustered out at Camp Meade. Hope that time comes soon.

Feel that I have done my little bit. I served on the Verdun front, on the St. Mihiel front and saw my first active service in the Argonne forest drive. Saw active service for three months and suffered much. Well, now it is over and it took more than a German with his rotten gas, hand grenades and bayonets to kill this good Irishman. We have slept in and drank water out of shell holes, been in gas attacks and fought cootles, all with a smile.

Tell you all about it when I get home which I pray will be soon. Love to all.

Your loving son.
PATRICK HENRETTY.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank our friends and neighbors for the beautiful flowers and many acts of kindness, also the choir for their services rendered, shown us at the time of the death of our little daughter, Lulu.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dawley.
adv.5wtt

FORD.

We have on hand a 1918 Ford Touring Car, thoroughly overhauled and in excellent condition, good tires, which we will sell for $325.00, in order to make room for storage of new cars.

SMETHPORT GARAGE CO.
adv.5tf

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MEMORIAL SERVICE AT COLEGROVE.

Last Sunday a very interesting and largely attended Memorial service was held at Colegrove. Following are the names of the departed soldiers and the program of the service:

PrivateErnest G. Richardson, Betula, born July 24, 1894. Died September 22, 1916. Killed in action while fighting with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces in France.

Captain Oscar W. Hogstedt, Colegrove, born September 16, 1883, died November 7, 1917. At Camp Logan, Texas.

Sergeant William Robert Cleveland, Colegrove, born July 22, 1893, died June 11, 1918. Killed in action while fighting in France.

Johnny Ralph Gifford, Crosby, born August 21, 1888. Died November 10, 1918. Killed in action while fighting in France.

Ralph L. Burdick, Colegrove, born November 9, 1893. Died November 7, 1918. Killed in action while fighting in France.

Claire B. Gallup, Colegrove, born June 28, 1894. Died December 22, 1918. Died in camp in France, of pneumonia.

Frank Brice, Norwich, died of pneumonia, in Camp Lee, Va.

Order of Service.

Hymn, "The Mercy Seat."
Prayer, Congregation Joining.
Chant, "Thy Will Be Done."
Scripture, Rev. W. H. Edmunds.
Hymn, "When I Get to the End of the Way."
Prayer, Rev. Ghordis Tubbs.
Hymn, "Only Remembered."—The Knights of Honor.
Remarks, Rev. W. H. Edmunds.
Offering.
Male Quartet.
Sermon, "Our Fallen Crusaders." Rev. Arthur Gregson.
Hymn, "No Night There."
America.

A MESSAGE FROM THE M. E. PARSONAGE.

Dear Friends:

On Sunday we begin our Stewardship Gospel Campaign. This means that we are lining up with the revival movement which some months ago broke out as a part of the Centenary World Program. It promises to sweep on into a church-wide revival.

More than a generation ago Horace Bushnell, the New England prophet, said:

"One more revival, only one more, is needed. A revival in Christian Stewardship. When that revival comes the Kingdom of God will come in a day."

A little while ago Dr. G. Campbell White, the well-known Presbyterian, after studying Methodism's Stewardship Gospel Program, wrote:

"I trust that this is the beginning of that 'last great revival' that seems to be indispensable before the Church actually occupies and christianizes the world."

The Christian Advocate recently said:

"The greatest sermon ever preached on Christian Stewardship is now going on in this country. The people are awakening to the fact that they owe themselves, their lives, and their property to the government. It is a short step for the Christian to the realization that all he has and is belongs to his Master, and is held in trust. The General Cinference of 1916 has written this idea in the Discipline, and it is already on many hearts."

It is very likely that the next four Sundays will mark the beginning of a new epoch in the history of this church. You will want to be present.

Please pray daily for the success of this Gospel Campaign, both locally and in the church at large, and especially plan to be present the first Sunday morning.

Faithfully your pastor,
Arthur Gregson.

ATTENTION PATRIARCHS.

Smethport Encampment No. 273, I. O. O. F. will work the Patriarchal and Golden Rule Degrees at the regular meeting, Wednesday evening February 5, 1919, at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to be present.

J. A. Swanson, Scribe.

NOTICE.

Smethort, Pa., Jan. 15, 1919.

Do not forget your 1919 Dog Tax. County Commissioners have extended time to Feb. 1, 1919.

FRANK POTTER,
adv1w2 County Treasurer.

JOHN N. BURG DECORATED WITH D. S. C.

John N. Berg of Crosby is the first soldier from this vicinity to be awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, this honor having been bestowed upon him December 26, 1918. The MINER copies from the citation which contains the name of a number of other soldiers thus decorated:

Headquarters Eighth Division American Expeditionary Forces.

France, December 26, 1918.

General Orders, No. 20.

1. The Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, in the name of the President of the United States, has awarded the Distinguished Service Cross to the following named officers and men of this division for the acts of extraordinary heroism described after their names:—

Corporal John N. Berg (2472741) Company C., 317th Infantry, No. 1889. For extraordinary heroism in action near Sommaubie, France, 4 November 1918. Corporal Berg led his squad under heavy machine gun fire in an attack on a machine gun nest, capturing two machine guns, killing the gunners and driving off the remainder of the crews. With his squad he held the position for one hour until the arrival of the rest of his company.

Signed,

By command of the Major General Strugis: Edmund A. Buchanan,
Lieutenant-Colonel, Infantry, Acting Chief of Staff.

Sergt. John N. Berg is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Nels Berg of Crosby. He left Smethport with the contingent of drafted men on April 1, 1918 for Camp Lee. Left for France about the middle of May arriving in France early in June. From July 1st he has seen almost continuous service and from September 26th to November 6 he was in the front lines under fire without any rest whatever and for 2 and 3 days at a time went without food and slept in mud holes. Strange to say never received even a slight wound. He is a member of Co. C., 317th Inf. 80th Division at present is stationed at Auey Le; France. After his citation he was promoted to Sergeant.

Sergeant Burg's family and the whole community have reason to be proud of this gallant soldier, and one and all hope he will soon return home to the hearty welcome which awaits him.

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES.

Even the cats appreciate the value of an education. Monday morning, at chapel, a beautiful big cat walked down the aisle with shoulders straight and tail erect. She appeared very much hurt at the laughter which she caused.

All the newest dances are having a trial at the noon hour. But why are the teachers so "touchy" about the Victrola key? Of course, we can use the piano but that breaks up pairs.

All the Seniors or rather most of them, are making one last effort to bring to their memory all they have forgotten, before examination. Quite a task for a good many of them.

Latin I class is up to its neck in trouble. They are having some of the Caesar pupils to help them out of their predicament but look, little Freshmen, for ye know not what ye do. Take advice from one who knows and keep away from those Caesarians or you'll be mixed up twice as much as you were before.

Well, we lost the game with Coudersport, but we can well afford it. Wait until they come here though, we'll take a little of the starch out of them.

I suppose it is a well-advertised fact that the Freshmen and Sophomores are giving a party for the Juniors and Seniors in a week or so. You are sure to have a good time, so do not fail to come.

The Seniors ordered their graduation announcements a few days ago. Goodness! The swelling of their heads has already become noticeable but can you blame them?

The Juniors have at last received their rings, so if you notice any of them looking at their hands, do not think they are admiring the beautiful shape of their fingers for they are simply looking lovingly at their REAL Roman Gold Class Rings.

BLOSSOM.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LETTERS FROM MILLER C. AND GEORGE L. STICKLES.

Rumagen, Germany,
Dec. 20, 1918.

Dear Mother and All: Just a few lines to let you know where I am and that I am still alive. We are now at our stopping place for at least a few days, we arrived here December 15th, and have a good place to sleep. We are billited in large hotel named Hotel Anker.

We walked, or as we call it, hiked for fifteen days with our pack on our backs, something over two hundred miles. We had good weather all the while. There is no snow here and it does not freeze very hard, so you see it is not very cold. We are on the river Rhine, the famous German river. The hotel faces the river with only the roadway between, we see lots of boats go up and down. This is a very pretty country and the towns and cities are beautiful. I think we will spend Christmas here, we expect a good Christmas dinner, but I am busted and will not get any money until after Christmas and don't know how much longer it will be after that, on account of being transferred around so much from one company to another it has put my papers behind. I guess if I had money I could have a very enjoyable time here.

I cannot promise when I will be home, but don't believe it will be so very long, some time this winter, I think.

Where is Lee and did you ever hear from Merle? How is Hattie, and everybody around there. Tell Egan to be a good boy and when I come back I will buy him something.

I wish I had a good big piece of cream pie for Christmas dinner, the kind that you make. We see very little pie and cake and little candy, wish I was close enough so you could send me some of that kind of stuff, but I will be there some time before long.

December 26, 1918.

Will write you a few lines telling you about my Christmas and send you a menu. I think it was a good dinner, as good as any one could ask for and I would have been satisfied with my European Christmas if I had of received a letter from home which I expected very much but did not receive. I certainly enjoyed the dinner, had all I wanted and could have had more. Everything was fine, we had real German beer. If Dad could have been here to eat and drink with us he certainly would have enjoyed it.

We hear lots of rumors about going home this next month but cannot go by what you hear. We all hope to come back to the old U. S. A. for there is no place in the world as good.

Christmas menu: Puree Celery Soup, Roast Pork, Mashed Potatoes and Turnips, Brown Gravy, Brussel Sprouts, Fruit, Real American Pie, (50 of them 5 inches thick), Fancy Cakes, Tapioca Pudding, Bread, Butter, Coffee, Beer (10 Barrels), Christmas Packages, Smoks.

Your Son,
Pvt. Miller C. Stickles
Co. E., 165 Inf., A. E. F., 42nd. Div.

France, Dec. 22, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—Just a few lines to tell you that I just received my first letter from you dated September 17. I had been on the water two days when you wrote it.

Well, how is Dad getting along this winter? I hope you are all as healthy as I am. I haven't been sick at all since I came away from home, never felt so good before, am fat as a pig and working every day.

The weather is warm here and it rains every day, but I don't mind it as much as I did.

This will be a poor Christmas for a lot of the boys over here but we will make up for all when we do get home which I hope will be soon so I can help do the spring farming. Sometimes we hear that we are going home right away and again that we will be here for a year or more, so we don't know what to believe.

Do you hear from Merle and Miller? How is Egan getting along at school? He must be quite a big fellow now, tell him hello! for me and to be a good boy and when I come home I will try to bring him something nice.

Gee! I would like to come home soon for I do not like it a little bit over here for it is the same thing over and over all the time.

Have you received all my letters. I have wrote to you ten or eleven times I think I will get my mail now right along, at least I hope to.

Well, hoping this finds you all in good health I will close. Your son.

George L. Stickles,
E. M. D. Unit No. 24, A. E. F.

LETTER FROM FRANK KILCOIN.

Following is a letter from Corporal Frank Kilcoin received by the Wilcox family. No word had been received from him for over four months and it was feared that he had become a victim of the Hun.

Kehrig, Germany, Dec. 24, 1918.

Dear People:

Just a few lines to let you know I am all O. K. Am in Germany now, in a town named Kehrig, about twenty miles from the Rhine. Of course you have heard of the "Welcome Rhine River" that we came over here to find I have had the pleasure of washing my feet in the Rhine. The Third Army Corps was the first to get to the Rhine and you know I am in that corps. I am staying in a house with some German people now. There are two of us at the same house so you see it seems like home again, especially after lying on the ground all summer. It seems queer to be living with them after fighting them all summer but they use us well. Last night was the first time I have slept in a bed, since I came over here. It was also the first time I have had my clothes off to sleep. I have seen the Kaiser's castle along the Rhine but haven't seen anything of him yet. Guess he is so far out of the country that no one will see him again. I don't know what you mean by twenty-three property bags to make for the soldiers but if they are bags of some kind to hold "cootles" send over one to me and I think I can fill it all right.

Yesterday I went to Mayen and took a bath; washed off some of the cootles. I got a piece of chocolate for the first time in three months. I think Santa Claus must have brought it. Would have answered your letter sooner but didn't have the chance. This is the first letter I have written since August. We had a 200 mile hike to get here and you bet my "war-baby" got heavy on my back before I got here. If you hear anything about when they are going to bring us back to God's country let me know in your next letter for I am sick of this country. Can't get back any too quick to suit me. No, I haven't seen any of the boys from Crosby over here yet. They will probably all be home long before I will. I was on the front most of the time from June 1st to November 1st. I didn't get my label in time to send it. Would like some of that good candy that Velma makes but as the old fellows says I reckon I'll have to wait till the ship comes in. Last night was the first snow fall we have had here this year. I have sure had all of Germany I care about. I don't know whether to bring a little Dutch girl back or not for a souvenir. You see I can't "parlez-vous" her language and she "no com-prenez" mine so you see there is lots of love lost there. They are as big around as they are tall. Guess I will leave them here. Be sure and have the chicken ready when I get home for all I have seen since I have been over here is "corned Willie Slum" three times a day. Oh, yes, I'll have to take back part of that "corned Willie Slum" for we had roast pork for Christmas dinner. I guess this will be all you will care to read so will close for this time. Tell all the folks I said "Hello," and a Merry Xmas, and a happy New Year to all. Answer soon. With love to all. Frank,

Capt. Frank Kilcoin,
Co. M., 30th Inf. 3rd Division,
A. E. F. via. New York.

DEATH OF MRS. R. W. McLEOD.

Anna Louise McLeod died at Drumright, Oklahoma, January 19, 1919, after a few days' illness with influenza and pneumonia. The remains were brought to Smethport last Thursday, private funeral services being held, the Rev. E. H. Edson officiating. Burial was in Rose Hill cemetery.

Anna L. Larson was born in Clermont, April 15, 1891. She attended school there and grew to young womanhood in that locality. She married R. W. McLeod on July 4, 1907, and they resided at Rew City until four years ago when they moved to Oklahoma, where Mr. McLeod is a production superintendent for the Texas Oil Co. Mrs. McLeod was a woman of many fine traits of character and her death is sincerely mourned by all who knew her.

Surviving, aside from her husband, are her mother, Mrs. Olaf Larson of Drumright, Okla.; two sisters, Mrs. A. Shelander of Jamestown, N. Y., and Mrs. Charlotte Peterson of New Orleans, La., and four brothers: Charles O. and Albert Larson of Smethport, Frank Larson of Drumright, Okla., and Lars P. Larson of Stillwater, Minn.

LETTER FROM AVERY G. BROWN.

Belgium, Nov. 11, 1918.

Dear Mother and All:—There has been a great change in affairs here since yesterday. Undoubtedly America is celebrating in great style. Being Monday, it seems this armistice, or whatever it is, must be in answer to the prayers of Sunday. God grant that we shall not forget to offer a prayer of thanksgiving and to continue our prayers for a real and lasting peace.

At times it has seemed that the way has been hard to travel, but today has repaid all the trials of the journey. It makes me feel mean, and selfish, and small when I see the whole-hearted way in which the Belgian people receive us. In their retreat the Germans took many of the Belgians with them as prisoners. Today these Belgians have been returning to their homes. They seem so happy that they cannot keep their joy to themselves. They are fairly bubbling over with laughter and smiles and song; and when they meet an American soldier you should see and hear them. They go almost wild and want to shake hands all the way around. Some of the families have been left as they were before the German invasion of their country, and these can not do too much for the Americans. I can tell you better of some of their deeds of kindness than I can write them so please wait until I come home. Each day here seems to deepen my respect, and sympathy and love for the Belgian people.

I do not believe they have had any killing frosts here yet this season. Think of it! What would you think if you should see roses, nasturtiums, dahlies and other flowers in bloom in November in Betula? The potatoes keep look to be good crop. The farming is done rain or shine. I never saw so many turnips, rhutabagas and (cow) beets before in my life. I do not believe I ever ate so many turnips at one time before either, but thus far I have not been able to eat enough to make my stomach ache (much).

You asked me something about whether my few German phrases do me any good. I only wish I could speak German well enough to talk and visit with these people, many of whom are able to speak German. As it is, about all I can ask for is bread and butter, milk, coffe and a few more things. I am greatly thankful for the little I do know, however. There is little space left and I guess I had better close, blow out the candle and hit the straw for the night. I cannot tell how soon we can come back home, but rest assured, I am anxious now to return. With love and best wishes to all from,

Pvt. Avery G. Brown.

Co. G., 146 Inf., A. P. O. 163, A. E. F.

COULDN'T HOLD THIS BOY.

Jail has no terrors for Joseph Banas of Buffalo, who broke out of the local lockup on Saturday evening and again on Sunday evening. He was arrested at Olean Saturday evening by a Pennsylvania Railroad detective for robbing the cabin car on a freight train at Emporium, taking several suits of clothes, shoes and a gold watch and chain. A companion, James McCracken of Renova, was with him in these crimes. They also broke into a freight car on the same train, containing automobiles, smashing the windshields of several Buick cars, and stole the tools from the tool box. At Emporium they separated, and Banas broke into a saloon and pool room, where he stole several small articles, and into a grocery, where he got some nuts, candy and cake. Then he went back to Olean and was arrested while breaking into a tin shop. He was brought here for a trial, and given a hearing before Justice Teater, who bound him to court in default of $500 bail. He was locked up in the corridor of the borough lockup, and about ten o'clock in the evening he escaped by way of the ventilator through the little cupola on the roof.

His escape was discovered not long after, and a search made for him, but no trace of him was found until about one o'clock Sunday morning. Then he broke into the Keystone garage, where he stole a pair of gloves and a flashlight, after which he went to the rear of the Johnson Jewelry store and tried to break into the back door. The noise he made there was heard, and Mr. Johnson notified, and Mr. Johnson, together with William Painter and E. J. Taylor, captured him there. He was returned to the lockup and locked up in a cell there. This was about one o'clock at night. Later the same night a companion rescued him by climbing the roof, going through the same ventilator, and breaking the lock on the cell. The man who rescued him is supposed to have been the same McCracken who had previously been with him, and who it is said had meanwhile been arrested in Emporium and had broken from the jail at Emporium. No trace of either has since been found. While under arrest here, Banas said that he had broken out of the Rochester State Industrial School on January 12th.

Banas was again captured in Buffalo on Tuesday night, while attempting to rob a safe in a lumber yard.—Port Allegany Reporter-Argus.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Alice M. Frayer
vs.
John J. Frayer

No. 10, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Alice M. Frayer did on the 6th day of June 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you John J. Frayer.

We therefore command you the said John J. Frayer that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Alice M. Frayer your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Melvin & Melvin, Lib. Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Frace Glass
vs.
Harry Walter Glass

No. 11, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Frace Glass did on the 6th day of June 1918 prefer her petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Harry Walter Glass.

We therefore command you the said Hary Walter Glass that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Frace Glass your wife should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

Simon & Wilson, Lib. Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Axel Callenburg
vs.
Clara Callenburg

No. 18, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Axel Callenburg, did on the 17th day of June, 1918 prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Clara Callenburg.

We therefore command you the said Clara Callenburg that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Axel Callenburg your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

H. S. Rogers, Lib. Atty.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.,
January 30, 1919. adv 4t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Charles E. Storms
vs.
Lettie Chase Storms

No. 110, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said County: Greeting.

Whereas Charles E. Storms did on the 27th day of August 1918 prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Lettie Chase Storms.

We therefore command you the said Lettie Chase Storms that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why the said Charles E. Storms your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

D. L. Tyler, Guy B. Wolfe, Lib. Atty's.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
January 30, 1919. adv 4t.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Fred Gustafson
vs.
Anna Gustafson

No. 132, October Term, 1918.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss: The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting.

Whereas Fred Gustafson did on the 7th day of September, 1918, prefer his petition to the said judges of the court of Common Pleas therein set forth that he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Anna Gustafson.

We therefore command you the said Anna Gustafson that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the County of McKean on the Fourth Monday of February next and show cause if any you have why Fred Gustafson, your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeably to the act of assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

D. L. Tyler, Guy B. Wolfe, Lib Attys.
E. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa.
January 30, 1919. adv 4t.

The Scrap Book

TOM SAW POINT AT ONCE

Undoubtedly It Was as Well That No Chances Should Be Taken With That Live Cigar.

"Tom," she said softly, as she looked trustingly into his expectant eyes.

"What is it, dearest?" he asked, tenderly.

"Don't you think, Tom," she continued, slowly, "that you had better throw away that cigar?"

"Do you object to smoke, my dear?" he asked, in surprise.

"Oh, no, Tom, not at all," she replied quickly. "I rather like the smell of a good cigar, but—but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"But you are so forgetful, Tom, and—and—if you should forget to take the cigar out of your mouth you might—even a slight burn on my cheek, you know, would cause comment."

The cigar was thrown away, and a minute later there was nothing but blush on the fair cheek to indicate that Tom had taken a hint.

Paying War Debts.

There is no uniform rule of action regarding the payment of war debts. Some war debts have been entirely paid off, and others have been greatly reduced. In 1793, following the Revolutionary war, the public debt of the United States was $80,352,634. It was reduced year by year until 1812, when it was $45,200,737. During the war of 1812 it increased till 1816, when it was $127,334,933. Then followed a long period of steady yearly reduction till in 1835 it stood at the nominal figure of $37,513, with much more than that balance in the treasury. Circumstances brought a long period of growth in the public debt till 1866, following the Civil war, it was $2,773,236,173. Since then there have been periods of reduction and periods of increase. During the present war the debt has increased rapidly.

IRELAND IN FLANDERS.

Deep in the trenches, patient, still,
Before Messines the Irish lay,
Whilst flame and thunder from the hill
Swept down on them by night and day.

Over the parapet like a flood,
Orange and green together go;
The lust of battle in their blood,
They burst upon the Astonished foe.

Have at them, gallowglass and kern,
Whose fathers smote the Danish hosts!
Have at them, sinewy sons of Erne,
And men from storied Antrim's coasts!

High up the orange flag is seen
To crown the hard-contested height,
Beside it the immortal green
That never fell behind in fight.

Orange and green charged side by side,
Resistless as a tidal wave,
For freedom fought, for freedom died,
And sleep within a common grave.

There discord may forever cease,
For not in vain their blood was shed,
If North and South shake hands in peace
Above their consecrated dead.

—J. Cuthbert Scott in London Graphic.

Great Reward.

Elsie Janis, who has been in France for months, among soldiers in training camps and hospitals, says in the Red Cross Magazine:

"Every soldier to whom I have ever sung has always been so grateful that it has made me feel that although I can't carry a gun I have been able to do my bit. Said a little cockney to me once, when I sympathized with him on the loss of his arm, 'Lor' luv'ye, Miss Janus, it might 'ave been worse. Oi might 'ave lost me heyesight an' then I shouldn't 'ave been hable to see you, miss.'

"Could one ask for a greater reward?"

Praises Arctic Musk Ox.

The Arctic musk ox can be domesticated and raised in the Arctic regions to produce as good wool as domestic sheep, according to Vilhjalmur Stefansson, noted explorer, who is at Fort Yukon, Alaska, recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. This is the message brought to Seattle from the explorer by Peter C. Lepetich, gold prospector, who came to the States to enter the military service. Lepetich says Stefansson intends to go to Nome, Alaska, to board his ship for another trip into the unexplored Arctic regions.

War Balloons.

The war balloons are technically known as "elephants" by the men at the front. Swinging far aloft at the end of a cable, these "elephants" support trained observers who by means of powerful field glasses and telephones, give range and direction to batteries. The balloons, held stationary by a cable four or five thousand feet in the air, are ideal points of observation, but they are also shining marks for the anti-aircraft guns of the enemy and also for his planes.

Intermediary.

"Are you writing regularly to your boy Josh?"

"I dunno," replied Farmer Cornjosel. "I kind o' got an idea that I've been writin' to the censor. After the censor takes out the news he wants he lets Josh keep the change."

Wife's Reply.

"You are an angel."

"I guess that's right. An angel has but one gown and for her the styles never change."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BUSY GREEK PEASANT GIRL

Care of Sheep and Goats, and Household Duties, Leave Her Little Time for Dallying.

To the Greek peasant girl is committed the care of her father's flock, which she must lead every day to the pasture and fold at night. The voskopoula, or shepherdess, is one of the most prominent characters in rural folk song, and many a charming idyl has been composed in her honor. . . . But she has little time for sylvan dallying, for the sheep and goats must be milked, and the milk must be converted into cheese and yiaourti, a delicious and wholesome sour curd, which is in great demand in the towns. When the sheep have been shorn, the wool is bleached and spun, and then knitted and woven into garments for the family or into cloth for sale. The cotton or flax grown on the farm must also be gathered in their seasons, and prepared for use. The cotton pods are put through a small hand machine called the mangano, which turns two rollers different ways, and separates the fiber from the seed. The instrument next used is the toxevein, a large bow made from a curved piece of wood five or more feet long, the two ends of which are connected by a stout string. The cotton is placed loosely on the string, which is made to vibrate by being struck with a stick, producing a not unmusical sound. This process detaches the particles of cotton, and it is now ready to use as wadding for the large quilts, which, with a sheet tacked to the under side, form all the winter bed covering used by the lower orders of natives of every race. The mattresses are also usually stuffed with cotton, and the palliasses with the husks of Indian corn.

COVERING FRUIT WITH GOLD

Festival Custom in Southern India Has Long Been a Recognized Feature of Native Life.

One of the interesting uses to which brass and gold leaf are applied in southern India is for gilding limes, the decorated fruit, according to a local custom, being exchanged by natives on festival occasions in token of esteem. The origin of this practice is apparently unknown, but it dates from a distant period and is a recognized feature of Indian life. The exchange of limes takes place on New Year's days, of which several are observed in India. Besides the English anniversary observed by the natives, the Mohammedans and the Tamil and Telugu branches of the Hindus have special New Year's days. A native calling on New Year's day on a person to whom he or she desires to show esteem, presents the host with a lime. In the case of the well-to-do the lime is always ornamented with brass or gold leaf. The custom sometimes extends also to the ordinary "tamash" or social reunion. Thus, a good deal of brass leaf is used for gilded limes and the bazar trade in this line throughout southern India is really considerable. The leaf is also used to some extent in the manufacture of gilded caps or "topi," worn generally by Mohammedans in southern India on their holidays and for decorations on the dresses of Mohammedan women.

Angling Frog.

There is a hideous reptile, known as the fishing frog, which angles for its game as expertly and with as great success as the most adroit fly-fisher. He is a clumsy, awkward swimmer, but nature has compensated him for his unwieldiness by furnishing him with an equivalent for a rod and line, with bait always ready for use. Two elongated tentacles spring from his nose, which taper away like actual fishing-rods. To the end of them is attached, by a slender filament, which serves the purpose of a line, a bait in the form of a shiny bit of membrane. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman below, and in order to induce the fish to venture within reach of them, the angler stirs up the mud at the bottom with his fins and tail. This attracts the fish and conceals him from their observation. He then plies his rod; the glittering bait glows in the water like a living insect. The dazed fish are taken in great numbers, perfectly circumvented by the trick of the crafty angler.

"According to Hoyle."

Of the celebrated writer of treatises on games of chance, little is known save that he appears to have been born in 1762, and died in Cavendish square London, August 29, 1769. He wrote on whist, piquet, quadrille and backgammon, and his name became so familiar as to be immortalized in the well-known proverb, "According to Hoyle." He was a barrister by profession, and was at one time register to the prerogative court. His treatise on whist, for which he received 1,000 pounds sterling, was published in 1743, and gained such popularity as to run through five editions in one year. He has even been called the inventor of the game, but this is a mistake, though we are indebted to him for introducing it to the public in a scientific manner. Hoyle is said to have given instructions in the game, especially among the gentlemen who frequented the Crown coffee house, for which his charge was a guinea a lesson.

Mean Hint.

Miss Prim—When I travel for the with putting powder on the girl actually changed countenance.

Miss Pert—Right; you wish you could?—Baltimore American.

CAN I GET A HALF-PAGE FOR THIS ISSUE?
OH, SURE! WE DON'T GO TO PRESS FOR FIVE MINUTES YET!
WHY
DO SOME FOLKS BRING IN COPY FOR THE PAPER AT THE LAST MINUTE?

JONTEEL

The new $100,000 odor

TALC—FACE POWDER

Cold Cream and

Combination Cream

Hogarth's Pharmacy

(THE REXALL STORE)

PHONE 85J.

Magazine Agency

Good Housekeeping advances to $2.00 February 1st. Now is your chance to get it for $1.50 per year.

Mrs. H. L. Backus

Smethport, Pa.

Engstrom's Jewelry

A gift for every occasion and to suit all purses can always be found in our well selected stock.

Come and make your choice—the prices is always the lowest.

ENGSTROM'S JEWELRY STORE

Smethport, Pa.

Having bought the

GROCERY BUSINESS

of George M. [illegible]

I intend to keep a full line of staple and fancy Groceries.

Come in and let us tell you how to save 60 per cent on your grocery bill.

WALTER C. DALY

Phone 9-2-J

SMETHPORT, PA.

Plows 8 to 10 acres a day. It turns in a 12-foot circle and operates well in orchards and places where space is restricted.

It's pulley belt gives 20 h. p. for stationary work, as filling silos, cutting ensilage, etc.

It is fast replacing teams for work around factories and on oil and gas leases.

We are glad to demonstrate it at any time.

Smethport Garage Co.

Smethport, Pa.

CHOICE CANDY AND BAKED GOODS AT

BRASTED'S Bakery

"Good Morning, Perfection"

Do *you* have a Perfection Oil Heater to greet on cold mornings? Its answer is "heat"—a cheerful, room-filling warmth that drives away every bit of chilliness and makes getting-up time really comfortable.

You can have this same Perfection heat in any room in your home whenever you want it. Besides, a Perfection saves coal and that's something you have to think about *this* winter. Use

ATLANTIC Rayolight OIL

and then you will get the *most* heat from your Perfection. It burns without smoke, smell or sputter because it is so highly refined and purified that it doesn't know how. You'll find that it gives a clearer, more brilliant light in your lamps and lanterns, too. Always ask for it by name.

By the way, better not wait to get your Perfection Oil Heater. And remember, they are *safe*. See your dealer now. Perfections are reasonably priced—$5.65 to $10.00.

Rayo Lamps
A central-draught lamp that produces a soft, clear and restful light. Many beautiful designs to choose from. Safe and easy to keep clean. See your dealer.

Rayo Lanterns
Give the most light for oil consumed. Cold and hot blast styles. Easy to light and clean. Stay lighted in the strongest wind. See your dealer.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Everywhere in Pennsylvania and Delaware

See McKean County Miner's

BIG SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

You Get ALL FOUR of These

MAGAZINES and OUR NEWSPAPER

For One Year Each FOR $2.55 *Order Now*

THIS EXCEPTIONAL OFFER IS GOOD FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY

Subscriptions may be new or renewal. All renewal subscriptions will be extended for one year from present date of expiration.

THIS OFFER IS LIABLE TO BE CANCELED AT ANY TIME. NOW IS THE TIME TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT.

Confidence

YOU HAVE TO FIND YOURSELF before you can seek success. True, life is a constant struggle, but you can carry within you sufficient power for any undertakin. DETERMIOATION imbued with hope and supported by faith will do anything within the range of possibility.

Now then, lets steam up and move ahead. Begin your Bank account to-day, increase it every day, week or month, prove that you are master. $1.00 starts an account.

THE GRANGE NATIONAL BANK,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See the Fry Company's advertisement today.

—Harold Booth of Coleville was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

—Max Moore of Coleville was a guest of friends in this place Sunday.

—R. E. Boyer of Kane was a Smethport visitor from Saturday until Monday.

—Miss Agnes Mundy was a guest of friends in Eldred last week Friday and Saturday.

—Holmes Spangle was a guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. F. Grabe, in Port Allegany last week.

—R. Kessler Jr., returned home last Friday from New York city where he had been for the past two weeks on business.

—Frank Potter, Jr., spent the week-end with his family in Kane.

—Miss Hester Kerr spent the week-end with relatives in Olean, N. Y.

—Miss Margaret Sasse was home from Olean Saturday until Monday a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sasse.

—Miss Alene McCarthy entertained a party of young people at her home on King street Friday evening Cards were the amusement and elegant refreshments were served.

—Miss Margaret Hubbard, who has been confined to the home of her grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. James A. McKean, for the past two weeks suffering with flu is very much better at this time.

McKEAN COUNTY POMONA GRANGE MEETING

To be held at Turtle Point on Wednesday, February 5, 1919.

Opening Session 11:15.
Reports of Subordinate Granges.
Election of Executive Committee.
Miscellaneous Business.
Dinner 12:00.
Afternoon Session 1:30.
Installation of Officers.

Program.

Opening Song, No. 32, Bud and Bloom.
Addres of welcome O. L. Tubbs, Master Turtle Point Grange.
Reports by old officers and suggestions by new officers.
Vocal Solo—J. L. Morrison.
Addesrs—P. H. Dewey, Overseer of Pennsylvania State Grange.
Instrumental Music.
Letters from E. A. Studholme, Y. M. C. A. worker overseas.
Vocal Solo —Cecil Hazen.
Recitation.
Vocal Solo—Frances Murphy.
Questions Answered.
Closing Song—God be with you till we meet again.

ELDRED.

Marriages and Deaths of the Week Clipped from the Eagle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Childs, relict of the late Monroe Childs, and the oldest resident of Larabee, died at the home of her son, Milton, on Thursday afternoon at 1 o'clock, January 16, at the advanced age of 86 years. Mrs. Childs had been a sufferer from heart trouble for a number of years and that with complications incident to old age were the cause of her death. The funeral services were held at the U. B. church at Coryville and interment was at Stulltown, by the side of her husband. She leaves to mourn her death; six children: Mrs. Lillian Huff, Mrs. Ellie Newell and Gilbert, of Buffalo; Mrs. Jane Dickerson of Pierce Brook; Mrs. Eunice Peake and Milton, of Larabee, together with 17 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren. The floral tributes were many and beautiful.

The marriage of Angeline, daughter of E. W. Crowley, of Sartwell, and James E. Kayes, of Portville, N. Y., was solemnized Thursday, January 16, at nine o'clock at St. Mary's church, Sartwell, the Rev. A. J. Fisher officiating. The bride wore a traveling suit of navy blue tricotine with blue bird hat and corsage bouquet of bride roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Clara Crowley, while F. B. Kayes of Buffalo acted as best man.

Mrs. Joe Fortonato died at her home here yesterday afternoon at about 4 o'clock, of lung-pneumonia. She was to have been taken to the hospital, but she was taken worse and passed away. She leaves a husband and two small children to mourn her death.

Miss Hazel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Caswell, of Rixford, and Arthur Patterson, of Bradford, were married Saturday evening in Olean by Rev. Lynch.

E. A. Guenter of Coryville was called to Coudersport this week by the illness of his mother.

BUSH HILL.

Another Pie Social—Personal News of the Week.

Frank Fay spent the week end with friends and relatives in Olean, N. Y.

Messrs. Glenn Minard and Bill Frost, of Port Allegany, were seen on our streets Sunday.

Miss Nellie Smith, who has been assisting Mrs. Clark Dunn with her housework has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph McKiernan were Smethport business shoppers Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillett and son Elmer, Mrs. Walter Van Sickles and children were pleasant callers on Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith Sunday.

Ephrom Ostrander of Port Allegany was seen on our roads Thursday.

Miss Helen Johnson spent the week end at her home in Bradford, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Smith, were Smethport shoppers Saturday evening.

The Misses Agnes Marsh and Mary Hooley called on Miss Nellie Smith Sunday.

Don't forget the "Pie Social" at the Upper Open Brook School House Tuesday evening, February 4, 1919.

Look out for Spanish Influenza.

At the first sign of a cold take

CASCARA QUININE (HILL'S BROMIDE)

Standard cold remedy for [illegible] years—in tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—breaks up a cold in 24 hours—relieves grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. The genuine box has a Red top with Mr. Hill's picture. At All Drug Stores.

—John, son of Sheriff and Mrs. E. W. Jones, is confined to his bed suffering from a severe injured leg which is the result of a roller skating mishap that befell him Monday. He fell while playing with a number of other boys and in some way twisted his leg in such a manner as to strain it badly.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH NEWS.

Coryville Services, Feb. 2, 1919.

Sunday school, 10 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Subject of sermon, "Visionary Service." I have a special message for those who attended the preaching service last Sunday in Miller's hall, to explain the closing remarks in my extemporaneous address. Christian Endeavor, 7:30 p. m. All of these services will be held in the main room of the church, which with its recent improvements and decorations is new in appearance.

Famers Valley Services 4

Sunday school, 2 p. m. Preaching service, 3 p. m. Christian Endeavor, 7:30 p. m.

East Smethport Services in Union Church.

Sunday school, 2:30 p. m. Preaching service, 7:30 p. m.

Let our motto be: Getting a New Start.

L. O. THAYER, Pastor.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday the 21st day of February 1919, by H. G. German, John Troy, Wm. Melville, W. T. Mayer, R. Kessler Jr., and others, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations" approved April 29th 1874 and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Norwich Chemical Manufacturing Company," the character and object of which is the manufacturing, selling and dealing in products produced by chemical processes and known as chemicals, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

F. D. GALLUP, Solicitor,
adv 3w3 Smethport, Pa.

ANNUAL REPORT
McKEAN GRANGE MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY of Pennsylvania.

Receipts.

Balance in treasury Dec. 31, 1917	$1869.80	
Premiums received during year 1918	466.00	
Assessments received during year 1918	3448.60	
Assessments received during year 1918 for 1917	2.50	
Received for use of office for year 1918	30.00	
	$5778.69	$5778.69

Disbursements.

Fire Losses Paid:

Jan. 31, 1918—Mae F. Hackett, damage on house	$ 35.00
Mar. 8, 1918—John McAuliffe, damage on house	20.00
March 26, 1918—E. A. Studholme, barn and contents	160.00
May 21, 1918—Rev. A. J. Flacher, garage	50.00
May 25, 1918—E. J. Wright, damage barn, lightning	5.00
May 25, 1918—C. J. A. Gustafson, 4 cows, lightning	140.00
May 28, 1918—John Bartley, damage barn, lightning	20.00
June 1, 1918—W. J. Boyd, damage barn, lightning	20.00
June 8, 1918—C. B. & Gust Benson, on house, lightning	50.16
June 13, 1918—F. G. Tenny, on M. E. church, lightning	10.00
June 21, 1918—G. F. Hibbard, on barn, lightning	300.00
July 24, 1918—G. A. Taylor, on barn, lightning	6.00
July 24, 1918—Mrs. Ellen Walker, 2 cows, lightning	70.00
Aug. 8, 1918—Harry E. Taylor, on house, lightning	200.00
Dec. 6, 1918—E. S. Bell, house burned, def. chimney	150.00
Total fire losses	$1126.16

	Total fire losses	$1126.16
Adjusting fire losses	73.33	
Office expense, postage, printing, etc.	271.20	
Calendars for year 1919	103.50	
Office rent	60.00	
Directors' expenses	44.66	
Officers' salaries	521.62	
Auditors' expenses	11.30	
Bonds for Secretary and Treasurer	31.00	
Membership in Pennsylvania association	5.00	
Refund on overpaid assessment	4.80	
Total expense	$1116.10	$1116.10
Total disbursements		$2242.26
Balance in treasury Dec. 31, 1918		3536.24
Total amount off assurance in force Dec. 31, 1917		$1,139,642.80
Amount of increase during year 1918		90,099.00
Total amount of insurance in force Dec. 31, 1918		1,229,747.30

C. F. BOLLER,
D. A. GUENTER,
F. J. HACKETT,
Auditors.

ATTEST:
H. D. OTTO, Secretary

NOTICE OF APPEALS FOR McKEAN COUNTY.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners sitting as a Board of Appeals will be at the designated places named below at the time specified for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assessment as revised and equalized.

The Assessors are expected to be in attendance at the time of appeals for their respective districts.

For Kane Boro 1st and 2nd Wards, February 3rd; Kane 3rd and 4th Ward February 4th; Hamilton and Wetmore Townships, February 5th, at the City Building, Kane.

Hamlin Township and Mt. Jewett Borough, February 6th at the Boro Building, Mt. Jewett.

Bradford 1st and 2nd Wards, February 7th; Bradford 3rd and 4th Wards, February 8th; Bradford 5th and 8th Wards, February 10th; Bradford, Foster, Corydon Townships and Lewis Run Borough, February 11th at the City Building, Bradford.

Eldred Borough and Otto Township, February 12th; Eldred and Ceres Townships, February 13th at St. Elmo, Eldred.

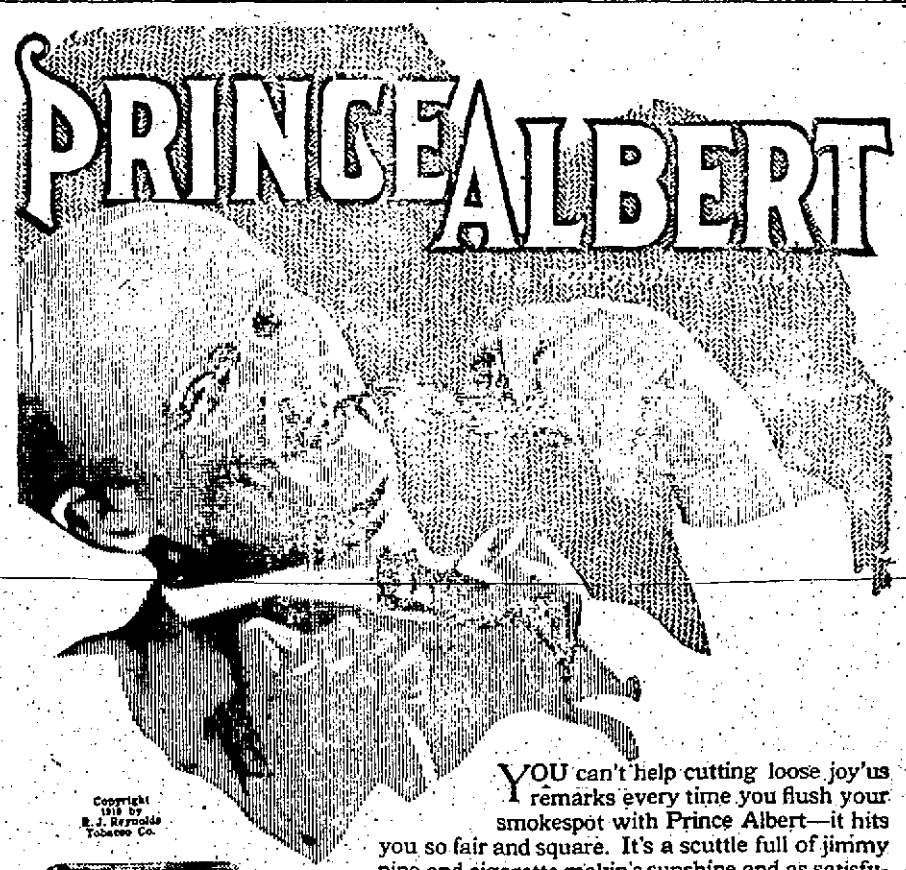
Port Allegany Borough, February 14th; Liberty and Annin Townships, February 15th, at the Boro Building, Port Allegany.

Smethport Borough, February 17th; Keating and Lafayette Townships, February 18th; Norwich and Sergeant Townships, February 19th, at the Court House, Smethport.

Given under our hands and seal of office at Smethport, Pa., this 13th day of January, 1919.

A. M. MARSH,
O. S. GALLAGAN,
THOMAS FLAHERTY,
County Commissioners.
A. R. ANDERSON,
Clerk. adv3w3

PRINCE ALBERT



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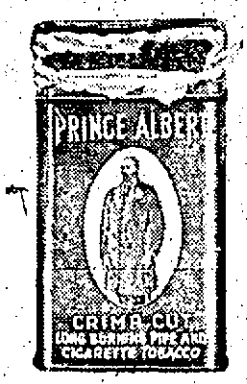


YOU can't help cutting loose joy'us remarks every time you flush your smokespot with Prince Albert—it hits you so fair and square. It's a scuttle full of jimmy pipe and cigarette makin's sunshine and as satisfying as it is delightful every hour of the twenty-four!

It's never too late to hop into the Prince Albert pleasure-pasture! For, P. A. is trigger-ready to give you more tobacco fun than you ever had in your smokecareer. *That's because it has the quality.*

Quick as you know Prince Albert you'll write it down that P. A. *did not* bite your tongue or parch your throat. *And, it never will!* For, our exclusive patented process cuts out bite and parch. Try it for what ails *your* tongue!

Toppy red bags, tidy red tins, handsome pound and half pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal glass humidor with sponge moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

McKean County Miner

HARRY L. BACKUS, Owner.
ROSS K. KNAPP, Editor and Manager

Entered at the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., as second-class matter

Smethport Pa., Thursday, Jan. 30, 1919.

Why are lady policemen? From information at hand it seems to be the fad in some cities now to employ good-looking young women as officers. They are without uniforms and spread alluring smiles with profusion. When some poor gink approaches and attempts to make a date with one of them he is conducted by the charming and wily lady to the booby hatch and can only secure his liberty by the payment of large stiff line, which is generally ganged to the size of his bank-roll after he has been searched. In the name of mam- where is this sort of thing going to lead? It may be disloyalty to the sex to remark, but it is nevertheless a fact, that mighty few men will meet a bewitching smile from a good-looking woman with a get-thee-behind-me-Satan expression especially if he happens to be away from his own home town. Soldiers just home from overseas are easy marks for the fair "copess' and she tries to beat her sisters' record by landing as many as possible in a day. A more direct and less nefarious method would be to instruct the male officers to wallop flirtatious men over the "bean" and then take their money away from them.

Another fallen idol is Mr. Hoover, the head of the United States food administration. In the investigation of the meat packers' affairs in Congress some rather startling facts have been brought out, but it is charitable to suppose at this stage of the proceedings that Mr. Hoover was duped by them and was not in collusion with their profiteering. Under a Washington date line the Philadelphia North American says:

"The limitation on packers' profits was announced by the food administration with a flourish, as an accomplishment for the general public and especially for the government which deserved, and actually did, receive commendation. The impression that had been created was that the packers were so restricted in their profiteering that they would realize from their operations but 9 per cent annually on their fixed capital. The disclosures, Saturday, however, that this 9 per cent was to accrue to the benefit of the packers on every turn-over of their capital, or on every completed operation—an operation consisting of the purchase of the meat animal, its slaughter and dressing and its sale to the consumer. It was shown that there was a completed operation or a completed turn-over of the capital not less than once every two weeks. It was also shown that instead of being limited to the fixed capitalization of the packers, the profit was provided for on capital surplus and borrowed money, so the more money the packers could borrow at reasonable rates, the more they could inflate their profits, until the flow of gold into the coffers of the packers organizations became something unprecedented in the annals of the packing business."

"Mr. McAdoo's policies are my policies," says his successor. He seems to be running true to the rubber-stamp, ditto-mark policy of the present administration.—Boston Transcript.

Guy McCoy, county secretary of the Council of National Defense says that McKean county is going to rank with the leading counties of the nation in the matter of filing a complete history of the men who served in the great war. He is enthusiastic over the way the committees in the different districts are getting the work into shape. He said that the Port Allegany cards were all filed and the records were a model of completeness. Some of the districts have a large number of foreigners who do not speak English and the work of collecting data in those districts is slow. However, the workers are persevering and it will not be many weeks before McKean county's quota of the State history will be completed.

"To kill Bolshevism, give the Bolsheviki food," is sapiently advised. But if so, the laws of nature have reversed themselves. Has anybody ever known free food to diminish the supply of I-Won't-Wokers?—N. Y. Herald.

Wilson Convincing Allies by Wisdom of His Principles.—Headline. The more the American people hear about those panacea principles the more curious they get to know what in the world they can be.—Phila. North American.

The Hammer, published by Arch Bernard and Bill Fish of Coudersport, has reached our desk. As the handle would indicate this bright little publication is well-written and well printed.

The Coudersport Journal published the following communication last week under the heading, "Give Till It Hurts," and signed "A Widow."

"I have just been reading about Mrs. Wilson's dresses and jewels the President's wife is displaying in the country that the war has brought so much suffering and poverty to, and I think it is scandalous. While she was hiring high-priced dress-makers to come from New York to Washington to make elegant dresses for her trip abroad, I was giving my mite as other poor widows are doing to care for the poor orphans in France. We were asked to "give till it hurts," but it never hurt me to give before, although I have had to pinch and save out of my small income to give anything at all to the many noble causes. But since I have seen the account of the lavishness in dress and jewels displayed by the "first lady of the land," it hurts to give the few cents I save up by denying myself some of the poorer comforts of life. The aristocratic women of England, France and Italy laid aside their costly robes and became common people in the great war. We all hoped the rich and the poor would be closer together to share one another's burdens after the chastening of the horrible war, but as soon as the fighting stops, our President's wife has to go over to Paris and London to show them how magnificent she can dress. She has no business over there now, unless she went there to help the suffering, starving victims of the war. But, no! she goes there to show her fine clothes, a dozen different colored sweaters to wear on the mahogany-furnished schooner, silks and satins, laces and ribbons to excite the admiration of the people that are breaking their hearts over the poverty of those caught in the vortex of war; that cheered the soldiers who suffered in the trenches while they fought for freedom and a new democracy.

"Some of the French, with pride unhumbled by the sad lessons of the war and forgetful of the great task remaining before us, that of feeding, clothing and sheltering the poor refugees of war, presented Mrs. Wilson with costly jewels and precious gems to adorn her beautiful person and make a still more vulgar display of pride in dress. Shame on such vanity in the face of the starving! Shame on such lavish waste when us poor women in America are urged to "give till it hurts!" It hurts now to give our mite while the wife of our President, himself over there pleading for universal brotherhood (and sisterhood, too, I suppose), is aping the aristocracy of the past, drawing again the fatal line between the rich and the poor, flaunting the rich apparel of the princess in the face of the paupers.

"President Wilson has said, in giving his vision of a new democracy to be achieved through service, suffering and sacrifice: 'Once more, we shall make good with ourselves and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people.'

"If his rich wife is trying to exemplify the lofty sentiments of her great husband, she is surely making a sad mess of it; and he should be very proud (!) of the example of his helpmeet is setting before the world—a world torn and bleeding by the most destructive war history has ever recorded. 'And a new glory shall shine in the face of our people'—the glory of fine feathers!

"We in America, who have answered the call to 'give till it hurts' are very proud of what has been done by American soldiers and sailors, by American money, by American Red Cross workers, by American Y. M. C. A., and all the kindred organizations that have thrown their 'lives and fortunes' into the effort to alleviate the suffering over there, but we are far from proud over the 'pride of dress' displayed over there by the one woman who ought to be a leader in the good work of restoration, of pity and help for those who have lost their all, in the last (we hope it's the last) desperate attempt of aristocracy to assert its superiority over the masses of mankind and to flaunt its wealth in the face of those who produced that wealth by the sweat of their brow."

The interesting and important fact concerning the resignations of Secretary McAdoo and Attorney-General Gregory is that their retirement leaves the defence of their conduct in office in the hands of others; and if the rumor of Secretary Baker's approaching resumption of private station is well founded, the numerous questions that are bound to be asked concerning the administration of the War department must be officially discussed by one who did not bear the title of Secretary or perform the duties of Secretary during the war.—N. Y. Sun.

It seems as if Mr. Wilson would eventually discover that the American people are capable of doing their own thinking, and that there is a point beyond which even his powers of eloquence and persuasion must pall.—Providence Journal.

"He was the one virile and courageous leader of his generation," says Col. House in speaking of Col. Roosevelt. Off with his head, Woodrow!

Just Like Getting Money From Home

TO KEEP WARM THESE COLD NIGHTS IN OUR HEAVY

Night Gowns

and

Pajamas.

REASONABLY PRICED.

H. W. Rubin & Son

BETULA.

Several from here attended the box social given by the high scool pupils Saturday night at Norwich and also took in the movies.

Foster Marsh of Norwich, was a visitor in town Monday.

Mr. McCurdy and son were up from Colegrove Saturday.

Milo Oviatt is taking advantage of the warm weather and has his sugar bush tapped and sap is running good.

Herbert Grinolds and Max Smith, of Crosby, were visitors in this place and Norwich Sunday.

Jim Kilcoin returned from Instanter Wednesday of last week, where he has been taking care of his son, John, who was ill with the influenza.

Mrs. Elsie Palmeter received a letter from her brother, Corporal Frank B. Kilcoin, who is located in Germany, one day last week. This is the first heard from him for over five months and it was feared the Huns had got him. But he reports himself well and has been on the firing line most of the time from July 1st until the armistice was signed. He said he saw the Kaiser's castle and wished he could have seen the Kaiser.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Murie and Frank Fice, of Crosby, visited Mr. and Mrs. Andy Bond at Keystone Sunday.

Verne Marsh and John Wallace motored up from Crosby Sunday and took their lady friends for a ride.

P. S. Curan, of Smethport, was collecting in this place Monday for the Prudential Co.

Mr. Moffett, of Gateton, was a business visitor in this place the first of the week.

Raymond and Earl Grinolds visited relatives at Crosby Sunday.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

Marriage License.

Jan 23—Fred H. Egan of Erie, Pa. and Elvira Swanson of Kane, Pa.

Deeds.

Jan 22—Ida M. Gordon, Exr. to Ralph B. Wells, et al. Annin. $500.

William McGavish and wife to C. E. MacDonald, Ceres, $400.

Chas C. Vande Boe, et al to Elviara B. North, Ceres. $500.

Jan. 23—M. J. Gallup and wife to Chas. Hull, Norwich, $1500.

William L. Johnston to Edwin Pettys, Liberty Twp., $1200.

Edwin Pettys and wife to William L. Johnston Annin. $2500.

Jan 24—Elizabeth A. Vanderwenede and husbad to George M. Crandall, Brad. Jord. $1200.

Matilda E. Windsor to Rudolph E. Hoyns and wife, Port Allegany, $2200.

Jacob Pacer and wife to Leo D. Dennis and wife, Eldred Twp. $1.

Jan 25—Enoch Stainbrook and wife to William Stainbrook, Foster, $1.

William Stainbrook and wife to Waldo M. Whitehead, et al, Foster, $51,000.

C. A. Wilkins to J. H. Stinson, Bradford, $1.

Julia A. Bouton and husband to Jack Keesler, Keating, $50.

Leo L. Herzog and wife to Jack Keesler, Keating, $50.

Jan 28—William Cabisco and wife to D. Simpson, Annin Twp. $5.

Ada Rifle to Clara J. Housler, Hamlin Twp. $400.

Lillie M. Westcott, et al, to Elsie Dandoy, Hazelhurst, $300.

Assignment of Mortgage.

Jan 21—Dollie Haber, admxs, et al, to Gertrude Weiner.

Satisfaction of Mortgage.

Jan 22—John Ley to Ellen Smith and husband, Bradford, $1000.

John L. Mitchell to Michael Sirjannl, Kane $700.

Jan 23—Geo. T. Keith, et al Trustee to Julius Elosky, et al, Bradford, $650.

John O'Brien to Fannie V. Minard and husband, Liberty, Twp., $65.

Jan 24—W. F. Barr to Jacob Pacer, Eldred Twp. $1000.

Jan 25—John Weiss to William Stainbook, Foster $8340.

Geo. G. Hubbard Trustee to Mary J. McConnell and husband, Kane, $1000.

The Fidelity Mutual Life Insurance Company to George W. Hallinwell, Wetmore, $500.

Same to same, Wetmore, $900.

George Roseerans to Trustees Gen. Workers of America, Wetmore, $300.

Jan 28 P. O'Brien to J. P. Ruddy et al, Bradford Twp., $500.

GET YOUR FALL FOOTWEAR

Dress your feet for the muddy, sloppy, cold days. We have footwear for the whole family, including rubber goods.

WE DO REPAIRING.

Anderson & Carlson THE SHOE MEN

WE HAVE A LARGE SUPPLY OF THE BEST FLOUR ON THE MARKET.

Pillsbury's Best—
Thornton and Chester
White Puff
Gold Ball

And the very best Buckwheat flour. Also prepared Buckwheat and all other pancake flour at very low prices this week.

Syrups——Salt Pork—Bacon—Hams. . .

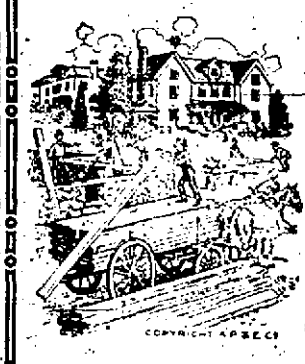
The Lindholm Grocery,
Telephone 16-M.
CASH GROCER. SMETHPORT, PA.

FURNITURE

We respectfully call your attention to the fact that all our Furniture is worth your notice. You will get good, honest Furniture. the kind that is up to date and well made.

H. H SASSE Furniture, and Wall Paper Undertaking in All Its Branches

HIGH-GRADE LUMBER



AND PLENTY OF IT

Is awaiting the disposal of all who are building or intending to build, at our yards. Come and look over our stock and convince yourself that we have just the stuff you need—and that we can supply promptly, every kind of hard and soft wood needed to erect any style of buildig from cellar to roof.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN
Smethport.

Include soap in your next order, when you can get such values as we offer:

White Flyer .....5c cake
Lenox Soap .....5c cake
Oak Leaf Soap .....5c cake
Pearl—White Floating .....5c cake
Export Borax .....6c cake
Sweet Heart—Toilet Soap .....4 for 25c

Get our prices on
P & G and Fels Naptha Soap

THE COLEGROVE GROCERY

Don't forget the Old Reliable Stand when buying Christmas presents.

Toilet Cases, Knitting Sets, Work Boxes, beautiful line of Ladies' Purses, Perfumes, a full line of Stationery. In fact everything to make the heart glad for Christmas.

The Old Reliable Stand

H. C. WELLS
Drug Store.

CLEANING UP

Odds and Ends at prices that will move them fast.

Masser Brothers Co
THE DEPENDABLE STORE PHONE-149

Armours Fertilizers

I am in position to give you very attractive prices on ARMOUR'S FERTILIZERS.

The reputation of the Armour Fertilizers has been made from results obtained in the field and you will make no mistake if you fill your fertilizer requirements with Armour's High Grade Animal Matter Fertilizers.

Write me or call for prices I know they will interest you.

B. T. GALICK

The Corner Hardware.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa. as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, January 30, 1919.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

Five Notices in Divorce appear to-day, on page two.

Orville Halpenny spent the week end with friends in Olean.

W. F. Burr of Eldred, is in town attending court this week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Dilgel of Coleville, yesterday morning, a boy.

—B. D. Colegrove of Buffalo, N. Y., was a Smethport business visitor this week.

—Miss Grace Kerr was home from Olean over Sunday a guest of her father, W. J. Kerr.

—Emporium suffered from a disasterous fire last week that caused over $100000 damage.

—Miss Ruth Rice entertained a party of young people at her home on Mill street last evening.

—Charles Shultz, linotype operator at the Democrat office spent Sunday at his home in Belmont, N. Y.

—The big sale is still going on at Max Schoolar's old stand. Read the big advertisement on page eight.

—Miss Alice Irons has been confined to her home on East Main street by illness for the past few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker returned to their home in Bradford Monday after a week's visit with Mr. Walker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Walker.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Walker and daughter, Edna, have been spending the past week at the home of Mrs. Walker's father, M. S. Comes on Marvin creek.

—Join the "build a building" movement which starts in the spring. A two column article concerning home building will be found on page seven to-day.

—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, I. O. O. F., will work the Third degree and serve supper Friday evening, Jan. 31, one week later than previously advertised.

—E. L. Heyser of Reading, Pa., representing the Public Service Commission held a hearing yesterday in the case of the Eldred Home Gas and Fuel Company to show cause why they be restrained from selling gas to manufacturing industries. The case of the Smethport Gas Co. vs. The Land Gas Co., will also be heard.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Earl Chase of Kane, Saturday, a boy, weighing nine pounds. The event occurred at the home of Mrs. Chase's mother, Mrs. A. F. Hoffman of Bradford.

—Mrs. Rose Herzog entertained the Auction Bridge club at her home on Mechanic street Tuesday evening, at a six o'clock dinner and the evening spent playing cards.

—Milo Oviatt of Norwich township tapped his sugar bush during the recent unseasonably warm weather and is reported to have secured good "runs" of sap for several days.

—The welcome news is received that Ransom Burdick of Norwich, the oldest resident of the county, who was reported seriously ill last week, is much better, able to be up around again.

—Mrs. L. K. Hogarth and J. L. Morrison entertained the members of their Sunday School classes at a five o'clock dinner Tuesday evening at the parish house, after which interesting talks were given by Rev. E. H. Edson and Miss Mae Choate.

—The Rebekahs will entertain all Odd Fellows and their wives next Monday night, Feb. 3. Lodge opens at 8 o'clock and hall will be open to guests at 9. A pleasing program, including refreshments and dancing, is being prepared.

—The danger of promiscuous shooting of airguns was again exemplified Saturday when little Leonard Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Miller of Water street was painfully wounded in the lip, by a shot from one of these playthings.

—Ensing, William Colegrove of the Naval Flying corps, stattoned at Pensacola, Florida., was home last week for a short visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove. "Bill" is looking and feeling fine and his many friend in this place were delighted to see him.

—The members of the Travelers' Club enjoyed a one o'clock luncheon yesterday at the club house. Owing to the fact that one of their highly esteemed members, Mrs. B. T. Garlick, could not be with them, a surprise basket was sent to her as a slight token of their esteeth.

—The public service commission of Pennsylvania has issued a statement regarding the increased toll and long distance service rates of telephone companies, put into effect Tuesday by Postmaster General Burleson. The commission declares the new rates are not legal in the state and announced it has issued instructions to its legal officers to take steps to prevent the proposed rates from going into effect.

—Mrs. H. L. McCoy gave a luncheon Saturday for Miss Mary Glime of Binghamton, N. Y., who is visiting Mrs. E. H. McCandless. Mrs. O. J. Hamlin entertained at a luncheon for Miss Glime Friday.

—The many friends of Rev. W. F. Shero, Ph.D., of Greensburg, Pa., will be pleased to learn of his election to membership of the Societe Academique d'Histoire Internationale, Paris. The members of this distinctive French society are the leading scholars and statesmen of most civilized countries and quite naturally its scope will be widened as the interests of the French and American nations become more closely connected. The society was founded in Paris in 1803 and for a number of years the French, poet Mistral, was its president.

—Max Thalhammer, German alien enemy, who has been located here for the past five years, was arrested Friday afternoon by Deputy Marshall Campbell, of Pittsburgh, on the charge of being a German spy and was taken to Pittsburgh Saturday. Thalhammer early in the spring of 1914 came to this country and located in St. Marys. It was stated that he left Germany in order to evade military duty, but it is the belief that he was sent here by the German government and was one of the cogs in the elaborate spy system of that country. —St. Marys Gazette.

SHEEP AND WOOL MEETING.

W. B. Cornell, of State College will, meet with the sheepmen of Smethport and vicinity at the Court House, Tues. Feb. 4th, at 2 P. M. The purpose of the meeting is to plan for the selling of the wool, as well as the purchasing of paper twine, clippers, dipping powders, docking irons, etc. Mr. Cornell will also discuss in detail the management and care of sheep. Reelection of officers will also take place. Come and help make an organization similar to that of the Dairymen's League.

PERSONAL MENTION

H. L. Berlin came of Kasson was in town Monday.

Carl Van Orman of Betula was in town Monday.

Robert McCarthy was an Olean visitor Monday.

Miss Queen O'Connell spent Friday with friends in Mt. Jewett.

R. C. Pollock of Bradford was a Smethport visitor Monday.

A. G. Burr of Eldred was transacting business in town Tuesday.

Chester Prouty of Eldred was in town yesterday on business.

W. E. Marsh of Crosby was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

The Misses Emma and Esther Swanson were Olean visitors last Friday.

L. H. Baker, editor of the Democrat, was a Bradford business visitor yesterday.

L. K. Hogarth, state game warden, was a Kane business visitor the first of the week.

W. S. Mesorer of Buffalo was a Smethport business visitor the first of the week.

D. Simpson of Turtle Point, an old friend of the MINER'S was a pleasant caller Tuesday.

Miss Ruth Howe was a Mt. Jewett visitor a few days last week, a guest of Mrs. Francis Paulson.

B. G. McFall, eidtor of the Eldred Eagle, was in town yesterday, and made this office a pleasant call.

Leslie Reed has received his honorable discharge and returned to his home in Keating township this week.

Howard Workley has received his honorable discharge from the army and has returned to his home in this place.

Mrs. John Summersgill and daughters will spend the week-end at Bradford visiting Mr. and Ms. A. M. Thamm.

George Otto, whorecently received his honorable discharge, has been a guest of his sister, Mrs. J. J. Johnston, this week.

Mrs. O. J. Hamlin and Mrs. R. K. Kessler are in Clearfield, Pa., attending the State Federation of Women's Club meeting, which is now in session there.

LARABEE.

Death of Prominent Residents Cause Sadness in the Community.

Rev. Wm. R. Agate of Emporium held services at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Raszmann, Tuesday a. m.

School is in session again after a short vacation due to influenza.

Mr. and Mrs. Grundy of Syracuse, N. Y., were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dawley.

Miss Alberta Rice attended the funeral of Mrs. J. W. Ellis of Windfall, Wednesday, afternoon.

Miss Nina Lee Carpenter was an Olean visitor, Thursday morning.

Floyd Reese of Coryville was a business visitor here Saturday.

Miss Viola Jones is confined to her home with a severe attackof rheumatism.

Mrs. P. A. Moore of Coryville visited relatives in town, Friday.

Wm. Galusha and sons, Guy and Ray of Eldred, called on M. M. Carpenter, Sunday.

Thomas Ralston of Coryville was in town, Monday.

Raymond Rice is working for the Wilson & English Construction Co. and boarding with his parents here.

Mrs. E. C. Hubbard has returned home after an extended visit with relatives in Utica, and Buffalo N. Y.

Louise Lowry who is very ill with influenza was removed to the Olean General Hospital, Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Elizabeth Childs, aged 86 years, died at the home of her son, Milton Childs, Thursday January 16. She was the oldest resident of this place. She had been ill for a long time and death was due to a complication of diseases incident to old age. Six children survive to mourn her loss: Gilbert Childs, Mrs. Lillian Huff, and Mrs. Effie Newell of Buffalo; Mrs. Jane Dickerson of Pierce Brook; Mrs. Eunice Peake and Milton Childs of Larabee. The funeral services were held at the U. B. church in Coryville, Rev. Thayer officiating. Interment was in Stulltown cemetery. The many beautiful floral offerings expressed the affection and esteem of her children and friends. Among those from out of town who attended the funeral were: Prv. Vernie Peake of Camp Dix, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. Webb Huff, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Newell, and Gilbert Childs of Buffalo; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dickerson of Pierce Brook. The sympathy of the community is extended to the bereaved relatives.

Pneumonia, following influenza, caused the death of Miss Lula Dawley, aged 13 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dawley, of Larabee, Sunday, January 19. Funeral services were held at the family residence Tuesday morning. Interment was at Sharon Center. She is survived by her parents, two brothers, and two sisters, who have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement. Miss Lula was much beloved by her school-mates who contributed a beautiful floral offering.

WANTED: woman or girl for general housework and to assist with children. Must be trustworthy. Address, stating abilities and wages expected. Mrs. L. E. Scanlon, Colegrove, Pa. advtf

TO RENT.

4 furnished rooms, laundry and bath. advtf MISS AMANDA SASSE.

MILLINERY FOR ALL.

Always find something here that pleases. The season's choicest offerings or the "emergency" hat that must be secured in a short time. We cordially welcome you at any time and are every ready to fill your desires in the line of seasonable millinery. CARRIE CLARK. advtf.

CROSBY.

Acetone Plant Working Again—Visitors of the Week.

William Hendrickson is in Olean, sick with the flu.

A banquet was held in the Parish House Tuesday night. It was given for the parents of the Sunday School pupils.

The services held in the church at Colegrove Sunday afternoon were a success and largely attended.

Mrs Cora Allen was a Crosby visitor Monday.

Misses Mildred Wilcox and Hattie Smith attended the dance at Nowich Friday night.

Mrs. Chas. Bailey was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

N. L. Marsh, of Straights, was home over Sunday.

L. W. Chandler was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

The acetone plant resumed operations again this week.

JUST AS SURE AS TWO PLUS TWO EQUALS FOUR

You will regret it in "the long run" if you buy cheap clothes.

If you want the very best clothing for your money, come to our tore.

We say this in all sincerity and back it up with our guarantee of your entire satisfaction.

It applies to the lowest-priced Suits or Overcoats at $16.50, as well as the best at $28.50.

JUST ANOTHER WORD—a lot of Suits and Overcoats have been reduced from $22.50 to $16.50 to clear them out.

REMEMBER OUR MOTTO:

Your Money's Worth or Your Money Back.

WM. MONHEIMER'S

THE FRY COMPANY

COATS

Your choice of Ladies Misses and Children's Coats.

One-Half Price.

One $26.50 Black Melton, size 20, Sale Price	$13.25
One $21.50 Brown Cheviot, size 40, Sale Price	10.75
One $16.50 Green Plaid, size 16, Sale Price	8.25
One $21.50 Brown Cloth, size 38, Sale Price	10.75
One $26.50 Brown Velvet, size 42, Sale Price	13.25
One $26.50 Plum Plush, size 38, Sale Price	13.25
One $26.50 Green Velour, size 38, Sale Price	13.25
One $29.50 Brown Army Cloth, size 15, Sale Price	14.75
One $15.50 Chase Plush, size 15, Sale Price	7.75
One $14.50 Green Zebeline, size 14, Sale Price	7.25
One $12.00 Taupe Plush, size 14, Sale Price	6.00
One $11.50 Black Zebeline, size 9, Sale Price	5.75
One $11.00 Mixed Velvet Corduroy, size 14, Sale Price	5.50
One $16.50 Dark Red kebeline, size 14, Sale Price	7.75

The Family Cream Separator

The entire family will appreciate the wonderful Sharples Separator, which skims clean at *all* speeds. The womenfolks or the children can turn it as slow as they please and still get *all* the cream. And you, yourself, when tired, can safely slacken down without any cream loss—a thing you could do with no other separator.

SHARPLES
Famous Suction-feed
"Skims clean at any Speed"
SEPARATOR

—the *only* separator that will skim clean at widely-varying speeds
—the *only* separator that gives cream of unchanging thickness—all speeds
—the *only* separator that will skim your milk quicker when you turn faster
—the *only* separator with just one piece in the bowl—no discs, easiest to clean
—the *only* separator with knee-low supply tank and once-a-month oiling

Over a million Sharples users! Made and guaranteed practically forever by the oldest and greatest separator factory in America. Bring in the whole family, and we'll show you the *exclusive* advantages of this wonderful machine.

CHAS. W. MASSER

Genuine Sharples repairs and oils carried in stock

2AH

EFFICIENT PROTECTION

At no greater cost to your estate than if employing an individual, you can secure for the protection of your heirs a guardian which

is always at its place of business.
is never on a vacation.
will not move from the city.
is not subject to illness.
will not grow old and feeble.
will not die.

See your lawyer.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Company

Smethport, Pa.

YOU CANNOT

afford to insure yourself; otherwise you would not need insurance.
The same reasons that prompted you to carry insurance should, upon due inquiry, admonish you perhaps to take out more insurance, because of the increased cost of building materials, labor, and nearly every other item of expense entering into the cost of making repairs, or of re-building, after a fire. Ask

Burdick's Insurance Agency & Music Store

305 W. MAIN ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

Misses Rose Allen and Katherine Fay wee in Smethport Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Landon are moving this week.

E. W. Wilcox was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Marsh visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Maude Razey, one day last week.

Raymond and Earl Grinolds were Crosby visitors Sunday.

Mrs. Freer is visiting her son, Llewellyn, of this plae.

Mrs. Jennie Mattison and Miss Myrtle Mattison are Crosby visitors Tuesday.

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North Country in the Time of Silas Wright

By IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," "Charmof the Diamond Lake" "Vanished Up With Lincoln," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XV.

I Use My Own Compass at a Fork in the Road.

Swiftly now I move across the border into manhood—a serious, eager, restless manhood. It was the fashion of the young those days.

Mr. Wright came up for a day's fishing in July. My uncle and I took him up the river.

While we ate our luncheon he described Jackson and spoke of the famous cheese which he had kept on a table in the vestibule of the White House for his callers. He described his fellow senators—Webster, Clay, Rives, Calhoun and Benton. I remember that Webster was, in his view, the least of them, although at his best the greatest orator. We had a delightful day, and when I drove back to the village with him that night he told me that I could go into the office of Wright & Baldwin after harvesting.

"It will do for a start," he said. "A little later I shall try to find a better place for you."

My life went on with little in it worth recording until the letter came. I speak of it as "the letter," because of its effect upon my career. It was from Sally, and it said:

"Dear Bart: It's all over for a long time, perhaps forever—that will depend on you. I shall be true to you, if you really love me, even if I have to wait many, many years. Mother and father saw and read your letter. They say we are too young to be thinking about love and that we have got to stop it. How can I stop it? I guess I would have to stop living. But we shall have to depend upon our memories now. I hope that yours is as good 'us mine. Father says no more letters without his permission, and he stamped his foot so hard that I think he must have made a dent in the floor. Talk about slavery—what do you think of that? Mother says that we must wait—that it would make father a great deal of trouble if it were known that I allowed you to write. I guess Dr. Spud of old Grimshaw is still following you. Well, we must stretch out that lovely day as far as we can. On the third of June, 1814, we shall both be twenty-one—and I suppose that we can do as we please then. The day is a long way off, but I will agree to meet you that day at eleven in the morning under the old pine on the river where I met you that day and you told me that you loved me. If either or both should die our souls will know where to find each other. If you will solemnly promise, write those words and only those to my mother—Amour omnia vincit, but do not sign your name.

"SALLY."

What a serious matter it seemed to me then! I remember that it gave time a rather slow foot. I wrote the words very neatly and plainly on a sheet of paper and mailed it to Mrs. Dunkell'ss. I wondered if Sally would stand it all, and longed to know the secrets of the future. More than ever I was resolved to be the principal witness in some great matter, as my friend in Asbury lane had put it.

I was eight months with Wright & Baldwin when I was offered a clerkship in the office of Judge Westbrook, at Cobleskill, in Schoharie county, at two hundred a year and my board. I knew not then just how the offer had come, but knew that the senator must [illegible] I know now [illegible] reliable witness of [illegible] were growing [illegible] Delaware and Co[illegible]

[illegible] to go so far from [illegible] not it, but both my [illegible] agreed that it was "for the best."

How it wrung my heart, when Mr. Dunkle and I got into the stage at Canton, to see my aunt and uncle standing by the front wheel looking up at me. How old and lonely and forlorn they looked! Aunt Dell had her purse in her hand. I remember how she took a dollar out of it—I suppose it was the only dollar she had—and looked at it a moment and then handed it up to me.

"You better take it," she said. "I'm 'fraid you won't have enough."

How her hand and lips trembled! I have always kept that dollar.

I couldn't see them as we drove away.

The judge received me kindly and gave Purvis a job in his garden. I was able to take his dictation in shorthand and spent most of my time in taking down contracts and correspondence and drafting them into proper form, which I had the knack of doing rather neatly. I was impressed by the immensity of certain towns in the neighborhood, and there were some temptations in my way. Many people, and especially the prominent men, indulged in ardent spirits.

We had near us there a little section of the old world which was trying, in a half-hearted fashion, to maintain itself in the midst of a democracy. It was the manorial life of the patroons—a relic of ancient feudalism which had its beginning in 1629, when the West Indies company issued its charter of privileges and exemptions. That charter offered to any member of the company who should, within four years, bring fifty adults to the New Netherlands and establish them along the Hudson, a liberal grant of land, to be called a manor, of which the owner or patroon should be full proprietor and chief magistrate. The settlers were to be exempt from taxation for ten years, but under bond to stay in one place and develop it. In the beginning the patroon built houses and barns and furnished cattle, seed and tools. The tenants for themselves and their heirs agreed to pay him a fixed rent forever in stock and produce and, further, to grind at the owner's mill and neither to hunt nor fish.

Judge Westbrook, in whose office I worked, was counsel and collector for the patroons, notably for the manors of Livingston and Van Rensselaer—two little kingdoms in the heart of the great republic.

Mr. Louis Latour of Jefferson county whom I had met in the company of Mr. Dunkelberg, came during my last year there to study law in the office of the judge, a privilege for which he was indebted to the influence of Senator Wright, I understood. He was a gay Lothario, always boasting of his love affairs, and I had little to do with him.

One day in May near the end of my two years in Cobleskill Judge Westbrook gave me two writs to serve on settlers in the neighborhood of Baldwin Heights for nonpayment of rent. He told me what I knew, that there was bitter feeling against the patroons in that vicinity and that I might encounter opposition to the service of the writs. If so I was not to press the matter, but bring them back and he would give them to the sheriff.

"I do not insist on your taking this task upon you," he added. "I want a man of tact to go and talk with these people and get their point of view. If you don't care to undertake it I'll send another man."

"I think I would enjoy the task," I said in ignorance of that hornet's nest back in the hills.

"Take Purvis with you," he said. "He can take care of the horses, and as those back-country folk are a little lawless it will be just as well to have a witness with you. They tell me that Purvis is a man of nerve and vigor."

I had drafted my letters for the day and was about to close my desk and start on my journey when Louis Latour came in and announced that he had brought the writs from the judge and was going with me.

"I wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars," he remarked. "By Jove!' I think we'll have a bully time."

"I don't object to your going but you must remember that I am in command," I said, a little taken back, for I had no good opinion either of his prudence or his company.

The judge told me that I could go but that I should be under your orders," he answered. "I'm not going to be a fool. I'm trying to establish a reputation for good sense myself."

We got our dinners and set out soon after one o'clock. I had read the deeds of the men we were to visit. They were brothers and lived on adjoining farms with leases which covered three hundred and fifty acres of land. Their great-grandfather had agreed to pay a yearly rent forever of sixty-two bushels of good, sweet, merchantable, winter wheat, eight yearling cattle and four sheep in good flesh and sixteen fat hens, all to be delivered in the city of Albany on the first day of January of each year. So, feeling that I was engaged in a just cause, I bravely determined to serve the writs if possible.

I rode in silence, thinking of Sally and of those beautiful days now receding into the past and of my aunt and uncle. I had written a letter to them every week and one or the other had answered it. Between the lines I had detected the note of loneliness. They had told me the small news of the countryside. How narrow and monotonous it all seemed to me then! Rodney Barnes had bought a new [illegible] John Axtell had been hurt in a runaway; my white mare had got a sprain!

"Hello, mister!"

I started out of my reveries with a little jump of surprise. A big, rough-

A Big, Rough Dressed, Bearded Man Stood in the Middle of the Road With a Gun on His Shoulder.

dressed, bearded man stood in the middle of the road with a gun on his shoulder.

"Where ye goin'?"

"Up to the Van Heusen place."

"Where do ye hail from?"

"Cobleskill."

"On business for Judge Westbrook?"

"Yes."

"Writs to serve?"

"Yes," I answered with no thought of my imprudence.

"Say, young man, by hokey nettle! I advise you to turn right around and go back."

"Why?"

"'Cause if ye try to serve any writs ye'll git into trouble."

"That's interesting," I answered. "I am not seeking a quarrel, but I do want to see how the people feel about the payment of their rents."

"Say mister, look down into that valley there," the stranger began. "See all them houses—they're the little houses o' the poor. See how smooth the land is? Who built them houses? Who cleaned that land? Was it Mr. Livingston? By hokey nettle! I guess not. The men who live there built the houses an' cleaned the land. We ain't got nothin' else—not a dollar! It's all gone to the landlord. I am for the men who made every rod o' that land an' who own not a single rod of it. Years an' years ago a king gave it to a man who never cut one tree or laid one stone on another. The deeds say that we must pay a rent of so many bushels o' wheat a year but the land is no good for wheat an' ain't been for a hundred years. Why, ye see, mister, a good many things have happened in three hundred years. The land was willin' to give wheat then an' a good many folks was willin' to be slaves. By hokey nettle! they had got used to it. Kings an' magistrates an' slavery didn't look so bad to 'em as they do now. Our brains have changed—that's what's the matter—same as the soil has changed. We want to be free like other folks in this country. America has growed up around us but here we are livin' back in old Holland three hundred years ago. It don't set good. We see lots o' people that don't have to be slaves. They own their land an' they ain't worked any harder than we have or been any more savin'. That's why I say we can't pay the rents no more an' ye mustn't try to make us. By hokey nettle! You'll have trouble if ye do."

The truth had flashed upon me out of the words of this simple man. Until then I had heard only one side of the case. If I were to be the servant of justice, as Mr. Wright had advised, what was I to do? These tenants had been Grimshawed and were being Grimshawed out of the last fruits of their toil by the feudal chief whose remote ancestor had been a king's favorite. For half a moment I watched the wavering needle of my compass and then:

"If what you say is true I think you are right," I said.

"I don't agree with you," said young Latour. "The patroons have a clear title to this land. If the tenants don't want to pay the rents they ought to get out and make way for others."

"Look here, young man, my name is Josiah Curtis," said the stranger. "I live in the first house on the right-hand side o' the road. You may tell the judge, that I won't pay rent no more—not as long as I live—and I won't git out, either."

"Mr. Latour, you and Purvis may go on slowly—I'll overtake you soon," I said.

They went on and left me alone with Curtis. He was getting excited and I wished to allay his fears.

"Don't let him try to serve no writs or there'll be hell to pay in this valley," said Curtis.

"In that case I shall not try to serve the writs. I don't want to stir up the neighborhood, but I want to know the facts. I shall try to see other tenants and report what they say. It may lead to a settlement."

We went on together to the top of the hill near which we had been standing. Far ahead I saw a cloud of dust but no signs of Latour and Purvis. They must have spurred their horses into a run. The fear came to me that Latour would try to serve the writs in spite of me. They were in his pocket. What a fool I had been not to call for them. My companion saw the look of concern in my face.

"I don't like that young feller," said Curtis. "He's in for trouble."

He ran toward his house, which was only a few rods beyond us, while I started on in pursuit of the two men at top speed. Before my horse had taken a dozen jumps I heard a horn blowing behind me and its echo in the hills. Within a half a moment a dozen horns were sounding in the valleys around me. What a contrast to the quiet in which we had been riding was this pandemonium which had broken loose in the countryside. A little ahead I could see men running out of the fields. My horse had begun to lather, for the sun was hot. My companions were far ahead. I could not see the dust of their heels now. I gave up trying to catch them and checked the speed of my horse and went on at a walk. The horns were still sounding. Some of them seemed to be miles away. About twenty rods ahead I saw three riders in strange costumes come out of a dooryard and take the road at a wild gallop in pursuit of Latour and Purvis. They had not discovered me. I kept as calm as I could in the midst of this excitement.

I passed the house from which the three riders had just turned into the road. A number of women and an old man and three or four children stood on the porch. They looked at me in silence as I was passing and then began to hiss and jeer. It gave me a feeling I have never known since that day. I jogged along over the brow of the hill when, at a white, frame house, I saw the center toward which all the men of the countryside were coming.

Suddenly I heard the hoof-beats of a horse behind me. I stopped, and looking over my shoulder saw a rider approaching me in the costume of an Indian chief. A red mask covered his face. A crest of eagle feathers circled the edge of his cap. Without a word he rode on at my side. I knew not then that he was the man Josiah Curtis—nor could I at any time have sworn that it was he.

A crowd had assembled around the house ahead. I could see a string of horsemen coming toward it from the other side. I wondered what was going to happen to me. What a shouting and jeering in the crowded dooryard! I could see the smoke of a fire. We reached the gate. Men in Indian masks and costumes gathered around us.

"Order! Sh-sh-sh," was the loud command of the man beside me in whom I recognized—or thought that I did—the voice of Josiah Curtis. "What has happened?"

"One of them tried to serve a writ an' we have tarred an' feathered him."

Just then I heard the voice of Purvis shouting back in the crowd this impassioned plea:

"Bart, for God's sake, come here."

I turned to Curtis and said:

"If the gentleman tried to serve the writ he acted without orders and deserves what he has got. The other fellow is simply a hired man who came along to take care of the horses. He couldn't tell the difference between a writ and a hole in the ground."

"Men, you have gone far enough," said Curtis. "This man is all right. Bring the other men here and put 'em on their horses an' I'll escort 'em out o the town."

They brought Latour on a rail amidst roars of laughter. What a bear-

They Brought Latour on a Rail Amidst Roars of Laughter.

like, poultrified, be-poodled object he was—burred and sheathed in rumpled gray feathers from his hair to his heels. The sight and smell of him scared the horses. There were tufts of feathers over his ears and on his chin. They had found great joy in spoiling that aristocratic livery in which he had arrived.

Then came poor Purvis. They had just begun to apply the tar and feathers to him when Curtis had stopped the process. He had only a shaking ruff of long feathers around his neck. They lifted the runaways into their saddles. Purvis started off at a gallop, shouting "Come on, Bart," but they stopped him:

"Don't be in a hurry, young feller," said one of the Indians, and then there was another roar of laughter.

"Go back to yer work now," Curtis shouted, and turning to me added: "You ride along with me and let our feathered friends follow us."

So we started up the road on our way back to Cobleskill. Our guide left us at the town line some three miles beyond.

Latour was busy picking his arms and shoulders. Presently he took off his feathered coat and threw it away, saying:

"They'll have to pay for this. Every one o' those jackrabbits will have to settle with me."

"You brought it on yourself," I said. "You ran away from me and got us all into trouble by being too smart. You tried to be a fool and succeeded beyond your expectation."

It was dark when I left my companions in Cobleskill. I changed my clothes and had my supper and found Judge Westbrook in his home and reported the talk with Curtis and our adventure and my view of the situation back in the hills. I observed that he gave the latter a cold welcome.

"I shall send the sheriff and a posse," he said with a troubled look.

"Pardon me, but I think it will make a bad matter worse," I answered.

"We must not forget that the patroons are our clients," he remarked.

I yielded and went on with my work. In the next week or so I satisfied myself of the rectitude of my opinions. Then came the most critical point in my history—a conflict with Thrift and Fear on one side and Conscience on the other.

The judge raised my salary. I wanted the money, but every day I would have to lend my help, directly or indirectly, to the prosecution of claims which I could not believe to be just. My heart went out of my work. I began to fear myself. For weeks I had not the courage to take issue with the learned judge.

One evening I went to his home determined to put an end to my unhappiness. After a little talk I told him frankly that I thought the patroons should seek a friendly settlement with their tenants.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because their position is unjust, un-American and untenable," was my answer.

He rose and gave me his hand and a smile of forbearance in consideration of my youth, as I took it.

I left much irritated and spent a sleepless night in the course of which I decided to cling to the ideals of David Hoffman and Silas Wright.

In the morning I resigned my place and asked to be relieved as soon as the convenience of the judge would allow it. He tried to keep me with gentle persuasion and higher pay, but I was firm. Then I wrote a long letter to my friend the senator.

Again I had chosen my way and with due regard to the compass.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Man With the Scythe.

It was late in June before I was able to disengage myself from the work of the judge's office. Meanwhile there had been blood shed in the hills. One of the sheriff's posse had been severely wounded by a bullet and had failed to serve the writs. The judge had appealed to the governor. People were talking of "the great war."

What a joy entered my heart when I was aboard the steamboat, at last, and on my way to all most dear to me! As I entered Lake Champlain I consulted the map and decided to leave the boat at Chimney Point to find Kate Fullerton, who had written to the schoolmaster from Canterbury. My aunt had said in a letter that old Kate was living there and that a great change had come over her. So I went ashore and hired a horse of the ferryman.

I passed through Middlebury and rode into the grounds of the college, where the senator had been educated, and on out to Weybridge to see where he had lived as a boy. I found the Wright homestead—a comfortable white house at the head of a beautiful valley with wooded hills behind it—and rode up to the door. A white-haired old lady in a black lace cap was sitting on its porch looking out at the sunlit fields.

"Is this where Senator Wright lived when he was a boy?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," the old lady answered.

"I am from Canton."

She rose from her chair.

"You from Canton!" she exclaimed. "Why, of all things! That's where my boy's home is. I'm glad to see you. Go an' put your horse in the barn."

I dismounted and she came near me.

"Silas Wright is my boy," she said. "What is your name?"

"Barton Baynes," I answered as I hitched my horse.

"Barton Baynes! Why, Silas has told me all about you in his letters. He writes to me every week. Come and sit down."

We sat down together on the porch.

"Silas wrote in his last letter that you were going to leave your place in Cobleskill," she continued to my surprise. "He said that he was glad you had decided not to stay."

It was joyful news to me, for the senator's silence had worried me and I had begun to think with alarm of my future.

"I wish that he would take you to Washington to help him. The poor man has too much to do."

"I should think it a great privilege to go," I answered.

"My boy likes you," she went on. "You have been brought up just as he was. I used to read to him every evening when the candles were lit. How hard he worked to make a man of himself! I have known the mother's joy. I can truly say, 'Now let thy servant depart in peace.'"

"'For mine eyes have seen thy salvation,'" I quoted.

"You see I know much about you and much about your aunt and uncle," said Mrs. Wright.

She left me for a moment and soon the whole household was gathered about me on the porch, the men having come up from the fields. They put my horse in the barn and pressed me to stay for dinner, which I did. As I was going the gentle old lady gave me a pair of mittens which her distinguished son had worn during his last winter in college. I remember well how tenderly she handled them!

"I hope that Silas will get you to help him"—those were the last words she said to me when I bade her good-by.

The shadows were long when I got to Canterbury. At the head of its main street I looked down upon a village green and some fine old elms. It was a singularly quiet place. I stopped in front of a big white meeting house. An old man was mowing in its graveyard near the highway. Slowly he swung his scythe.

"Do you know where Kate Fullerton lives?" I asked.

"Well, it's purty likely that I do," he answered as he stood resting on his scath. "I've lived seventy-two years on this hill come the fourteenth day o' June, an' if I didn't know where she lived I'd be 'shamed of it. Do you see that big house down there in the trees?"

I could see the place at which he pointed far back from the village street in the valley below us, the house nearly hidden by tall evergreens.

"Yes," I answered.

"Wal, that's the Squire Fullerton place—he's Kate's father."

"Does the squire live there?"

"No, sir—not exzac'ly. He's dyin' there—been dyin' there for two year or more. By gosh! It's wonderful how hard 'tis fer some folks to quit breathin'. Say, be you any o' his family?"

"No."

"Nor no friend o' his?"

"No!"

"Course not. He never had a friend in his life—too mean! He's too mean to die, mister—too mean fer hell an' I wouldn't wonder—honest, I wouldn't—mebbe that's why God is keepin' him here—jest to meller him up a little. Say, mister, be you in a hurry?"

"No."

"Say, hitch yer hoss an' come in here. I want to show ye suthin'."

I dismounted and hitched my horse to the fence and followed him into the old churchyard, between weather-stained mossy headstones and graves overgrown with wild roses. Near the far end of these thick-sown acres he stopped.

"Here's where the buryin' begun," said my guide. "The first hole in the hill was dug for a Fullerton."

There were many small monuments and slabs of marble—some spotted with lichens and all in commemoration of departed Fullertons.

"Say, look a' that," said my guide as he pulled aside the stem of a leafy brier red with roses. "Just read that, mister."

My keen eyes swiftly spelled out the time-worn words on a slab of stained marble:

Sacred to the memory of
Katherine Fullerton
(1787-1813)
"Proclaim his Word in every place
That they are dead who fall from grace."

A dark shadow fell upon the house of my soul and I heard a loud rapping at its door which confused me until, looking out, I saw the strange truth of the matter. Rose leaves and blossoms seemed to be trying to hide it with their beauty, but in vain.

"I understand," I said.

"No ye don't. Leastways I don't believe ye do—not correct. Squire Fullerton dug a grave here an' had an empty coffin put into it away back in 1800. It means that he wanted everybody to understan' that his girl was just the same as dead to him an' to God. Say, he knew all about God's wishes—that man. Gosh! He has sent more folks to hell than there are in it, I guess. Say, mister, do ye know why he sent her there?"

I shook my head.

"Yis ye do, too. It's the same ol' thing that's been sendin' women to hell ever since the world begun. Ye know hell must 'a' been the invention of a man—that's sartin—an' it was mostly fer women an' children—that's sartinter—an' fer all the men that didn't agree with him. Set down here an' I'll tell ye the hull story. My day's work is done."

We sat down together and he went on as follows:

"Did ye ever see Kate Fullerton?"

"Yes."

"No ye didn't, nuther. Yer too young. Mebbe ye seen her when she was old an' broke down, but that wa'n't Kate—no more'n I'm Bill Tweedy, which I ain't. Kate was as handsome as a golden robin. Hair yeller as his breast an' feet as spry as his wings an' a voice as sweet as his song, an' eyes as bright as his'n—yis, sir—ye couldn't beat her fer looks. That was years and years ago. Her mother died when Kate was ten year old—there's her grave in there with the sickle an' the sheaf an' the portry on it. That was unfort'nit an' no mistake. Course the squire married ag'in but the new wife wa'n't no kind of a mother to the girl, an' you know, mister, there was a young scoundrel here by the name o' Grimshaw. His father was a rich man—owned the cooper shop an' the sawmill an' the tannery an' a lot o' cleared land down in the valley. He kep' comp'ny with her fer two or three year. Then all of a sudden folks began to talk—the women in partic'lar. Ye know men invented hell an' women keep up the fire. Kate didn't look right to 'em. Fust we knew, young Grimshaw had dropped her an' was keepin' comp'ny with another gal—yis, sir. Do ye know why?"

Before I could answer he went on:

"No ye don't—leastways I don't be-

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Howe ye do. It was 'cause her father was richer'n the aquire an' had promised his gal ten thousan' dollars the day she was married. All of a sud den Kate disappeared. We didn't know what had happened fer a long time.

"One day the ol' squire got me to dig this grave an' put up the headstone an then he tol' me the story. He turned the poor gal out o' doors. God o Israel! It was in the night—yis, sir—it was in the night that he sent her away. Goldarn him! He didn't have no more heart than a grasshopper—no sir—not a bit. I could 'a' brained him with my shovel, but I didn't.

"I found out where the gal had gone an' I followed her—yis I did—found her in the poorhouse way over on Pumsley Hill—uh huh! She jes' put her arms 'round my neck an' cried an cried. I guess 'twas 'cause I looked kind o' friendly—uh huh! I tol' her she should come right over to our house an' stay jest as long as she wanted to as soon as she got well—yis, sir, I did.

"She was sick all summer long—kind o' out o' her head, ye know, an' I used to go over hosseback an' take things fer her to eat. An' one day when I was over there they was wonderin' what they was goin' to do with her little baby. I took it in my arms

I Took It In My Arms.

an' I'll be gol dumbed if it didn't grab hold o' my nose an' hang on like a puppy to a root. When they tried to take it away it grabbed its fingers into my whiskers an' hollered like a panther—yis, sir. Wal, ye knew I jes fetched that little baby boy home in my arms, ay uh! My wife scolded me like Sam Hill—yis, sir—she had five of her own. I tol' her it was goin' to take it back in a day or two but after it had been in the house three days she couldn't 'a' pulled it away from her with a windlass.

"We brought him up an' he was always a good boy. We called him Enoch—Enoch Rone—did ye ever hear the name?"

"No."

"I didn't think 'twas likely but I'm always hopin'.

"Early that fall Kate got better an left the poorhouse afoot. Went away somewheres—nobody knew where. Some said she'd crossed the lake an' gone away over into York state, some said she'd drowned herself. By'm by we heard that she'd gone way over into St. Lawrence county where Silas Wright lives an' where young Grimshaw had settled down after he got married.

"Wal, 'bout five year ago the squire buried his second wife—there 'tis over in there back o' Kate's with the little speckled angel on it. Nobody had seen the squire outside o' his house for years until the funeral—he was crippled so with rheumatiz. After that he lived all 'lone in the big house with old Tom Linney an' his wife, who've worked there for 'bout forty year, I guess.

"Wal, sir, fust we knew Kate was there in the house livin' with her father. We wouldn't 'a' knowed it, then if it hadn't been that Tom Linney come over one day an' said he guessed the ol' squire wanted to see me—no sir, we wouldn't—fer the squire ain't sociable an' the neighbors never darken his door. She must 'a' come in the night, jest as she went—nobody see her go an' nobody see her come, an that's a fact. Wal, one day last fall after the leaves was off an' they could see a corner o' my house through the bushes, Tom was walkin' the ol' man 'round the room. All to once he stopped an' p'inted at my house through the winder an' kep' p'intin'. Tom come over an' said he ca'culated the squire wanted to see me. So I went there. Kate met me at the door. Gosh! How old an' kind o' broke down she looked! But I knew her the minute I set my eyes on her—uh huh—an' she knew me—yis, sir—she smiled an' tears come to her eyes an' she patted my hand like she wanted to tell me that she hadn't forgot, but she never said a word—not a word. The ol' squire had the palsy, so 't he couldn't use his hands an' his throat was paralyzed—couldn't speak nor nothin'. Where do ye suppose he was when I found him?"

"In bed?" I asked.

"No, sir—no, sir-ee! He was in hell—that's where he was—re'lar ol' fashioned kind o' agonize in h. burnin' with fire an' brimstun, that 'tis said the nateny fo an' hot rooms—I'm sorry to say in the neighborhood. He was—Gi' in his room. God o' Isr'el! You orte 'a' seen the motions he made with his hands an' the way he tried to speak when I went in there, but all I could hear was jest a long yell an' a kind of a rattle in his throat. Heaven an' airth! how desperit he tried to spit out the thing that was gnawin' his vitals. Ag'in an' ag'in he'd try to tell me. Lord God! how he tried work it!

"All to once it come across me what he wanted—quick as ye could my sont He wanted to have Kate's headstun took down an' put away—that's what he wanted. The sinn was kind o' layin' on his stummick an' peinin' of him day an' night. He couldn't stan' it. He knew that he was goin' to die purty soon an' that Kate would come here an' see it an' that everybody would see her standin' here by her own grave an' it worried him. It was kind o' like a fire in his belly.

Continued next week.

TAKE TH... ON FLOOR

Russian Peasants Have Beds That Are Costly, But They Do Not Slumber on Them.

In the home of a Russian peasant Denis Garstin discovered the great bed, according to the Youth's Companion.

The room, says Mr. Garstin, was small, scrupulously tidy and covered with ornaments. The walls were entirely hidden with ikons—some 30 of them—sacred pictures, cheap lithographs of the czar, czarina and their children, calendars decorated with saints and lovers, and cr'de photographs of their own family taken at a fair. But by far the most imposing article, dominating over all in the room and insisting on all observance, was the bed.

It was a massive creation in itself, made still more imposing by layer on layer of bedding and mattresses and pillows reaching high up the wall and covered with black and red embroidered counterpanes. It was a monument of Russian peasant respectability rather than a suggestion of any repose.

I was marveling at it when the baba returned, laden with thick potato pasties and wine and fruit. We sat down to eat and my companion explained who we were and gave the messages. The old woman nearly embraced us in her effusive welcoming. A boy was sent to call in the husband, who was out on the hillside gathering fagots. A little girl went toddling down the village to round up all the relatives she could find, and soon we were the center of a crowd of rough peasants, who tried to cover their shyness by pressing us continually to eat.

The husband, a shock-headed old peasant, came last. His wife poured out all the news to him, referring every moment to us for confirmation of each detail, and whenever we said "truly" to her remarks he turned his hat round in his hands and said: "Thank God, but eat and drink some more."

"You have a very fine house," I said to him. He stared at me, puzzled by unusual "you."

"Yes," he said finally, struggling into the plural, "we have. Tell Lukyan he must come to visit us with every one. There is much room."

"But only one bed?" I said.

Again I puzzled him. "Yes," he said, "there is a bed, of course."

My companion nudged me. "No one sleeps in a bed," he whispered.

The baba, glad of any reference to that piece of furniture, had stripped off the covering. "See," she said, "one, two, three, four—15 mattresses. That is enough for every one, is it not?"

"They all sleep on the floor," said my companion. "My grandfather used to, too, when he was staying in the country."

Thought Curb a Pantomime.

Two English officers, accompanied by an American lieutenant, were out sight-seeing the other afternoon, and as they wended their way down Broad street were amazed at the crowds standing in front of the subtreasury, where the glee club of the police department was giving a concert as a part of an effort to sell tickets for the police field day, the New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch writes. A little farther down was an orator selling War stamps, while over on Broadway the party was entertained by a man climbing up the side of a building. Then they came to the curb market and naturally thought this was further entertainment. "I say," remarked the elder of the Englishmen, "I can understand the chap going up the building and the 'bobbies' singing, but I cawn't get the idea of this pantomime." The American officer hastened to assure his guests that this was not an entertainment, but the serious business of trading in stocks. "Now stop your spoofing," said the Englishman. "Don't I see a chap made up like Henry Irving?" He had seen Percy Guard, dean of the curb brokers, in the crowd.

Looked Like Lincoln's Slayer.

A curious footnote to history is found in Simon Wolf's "Presidents I Have Known." Mr. Wolf, a Washington lawyer, a loyal Unionist and a friend of President Lincoln, was yet also acquainted with John Wilkes Booth and resembled him in appearance. He says concerning the assassination of Lincoln: "After the tragedy I was compelled to remain in my house until after Booth's capture, for unfortunately I resembled him very much in feature—so much so that Theodore Kaufman, the historical painter, asked me to sit for him for his famous painting of 'The Assassination of President Lincoln.'"—The Outlook.

AT HOME IN LOFTY PLACES

Mountain Sheep Climbs With Safety and Ease Where No Hunter Would Dare Venture.

Of all American animals, bighorn, the mountain-sheep, is one of the most remarkable. Not only is he remarkable in appearance, but he is equally remarkable in his ability to live, and live well, in an environment where it would seem that no animal of such size could possibly sustain life. There, on the roof of the world, he not only sustains life, but, winter or summer, appears to be fat and in the best of condition.

In America there are six species of mountain sheep. The largest and best known is the truly magnificent bighorn, also called Rocky mountain sheep. Once abundant in the Rockies, from Mexico to British Columbia, it is now found only in small scattered bands. This is due to man's persistent hunting. It is now protected for a term of years in some states, and is slowly increasing in numbers.

Bighorn is of a gray-brown color, with a white or cream-yellow patch on the hind quarters. A big ram will weigh 300 pounds. The female is smaller. Both male and female have horns, but those of the latter are short and straight, while those of the ram are immense and curve back and around until sometimes they form almost a complete circle.

The bighorn lives in the most inaccessible places among the towering crags of the Rocky mountains, and travels with ease places in which it would seem no creature lacking wings could possibly get about. It bounds down precipices which appear to the onlooker to offer no foothold, and its safe arrival at the bottom seems little less than a miracle. It scales cliffs which the hunter dares not attempt.—People's Home Journal.

SMALL REWARD FOR BIG FIND

Man Who Discovered Gold in Australia Remunerated by the Magnificent Gift of Five Dollars.

The first discovery of gold in Australia was made as early as 1839 by a convict servant of a Scotch settler named McAlister. This man found a nugget of what he rightly conceived to be gold while tending his master's sheep near where the town of Ballarat now stands, and took it to McAlister who submitted it to the governor, Sir George Gipps.

The latter had it assayed, and found that it really was gold, but fearing a mutiny of the convicts if the truth were allowed to become known, he kept his knowledge to himself. Meanwhile, he ordered the finder of the specimen to be given a sovereign ($5) in recognition of his "enterprise."

This is probably the smallest reward ever given to a white man for what was the biggest find recorded in history, for when, 12 years later, Edward Hargreaves rediscovered these same goldfields, many millions sterling were taken from them in the course of a few months.

Dread of Poverty.

A great deal of apparent poverty comes from dread of poverty. A man saves every cent and goes mind and soul hungry and, ten to one, he is starving somebody else at the same time, along with himself. He is really poor, for the time being, although he has a large bank account. Poverty will come every time as the result of the improper attitude toward money. Money is not a reality; it represents things that we consider for our good. But there is no poverty like that of the starved soul that shrinks and dries up into narrowness and compression. In getting the feeling of wealth, look about you. See all the wonders of nature; believe that wonders will happen and then get ready for them. After the day's work is done, build air castles, and then go in and lay a strong foundation under one of them. Expect to develop into efficiency necessary for the bigger job. The key to this lies in your hands in doing the little things well.—Patrick Fenton, in the Nautilus.

Lead Poisoning In Waterfowl.

According to Mr. Alexander Wetmore of the United States biological survey, lead poisoning in waterfowl which has been known for a number of years, has recently assumed considerable economic importance. Wild ducks, whistling swans and a few other birds subject to the disease, pick up and swallow pellets of shot lying in the mud in marshes and shallow lakes about old shooting blinds. The shot remains in the stomach until it has been ground into fine particles by bits of gravel, swallowed to aid digestion, and part of the lead is progressively absorbed into the system resulting in slow paralysis, emaciation and death. Mr. Wetmore's experiments show that in some cases a single No. 6 shot is sufficient to cause death by lead poisoning.—Scientific American.

Ecology."

Although the word "Ecology" has long been known in its meaning, little practical attention has been given until recently to the methods of study it connotes. Ecology is that phase of biology that considers plants and animals as they exist in nature, and studies their interdependence, and the relation of each kind and individual to its environment. It is the study of the actions and interactions of living things and their reactions toward external influences.

BUNGALOWS OF MODERATE SIZE

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SUN PORCH IS ATTRACTIVE

Home Shown in Illustration Is Quite Compact in Arrangement and Has All Modern Conveniences.

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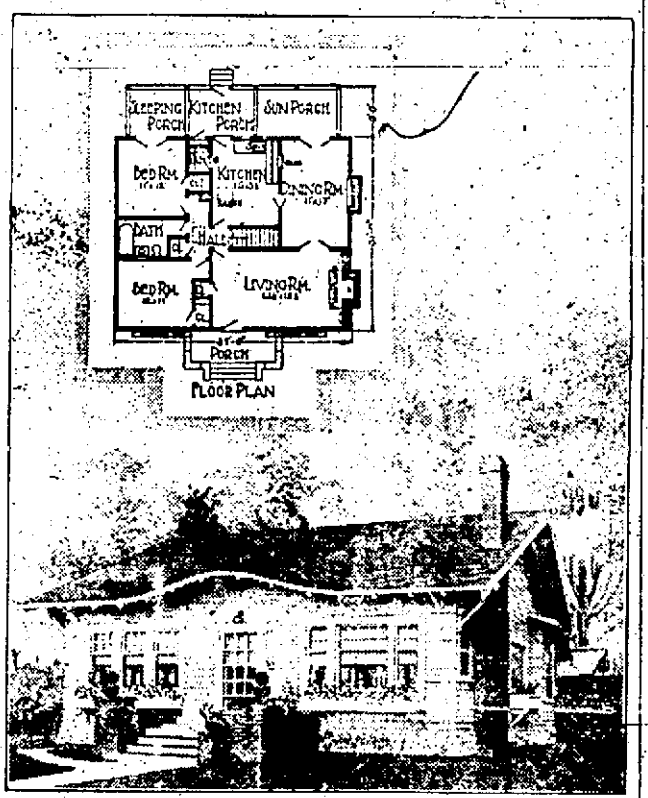
Owning a home is the inherent desire of every head of a family. But it is doubtful if the pride of ownership is as strong in the husband as in the wife and the other members of the household. The latter spend a much greater part of their time in the home than does the man, whose days are devoted to business. Consequently it is the wife and daughters who have the greatest interest in the planning of a home.

There will be much building of small homes this year. The government has removed the restrictions that were imposed on building as a war measure and plans that were temporarily abandoned can now be brought to fruition. In both country and city building activity will be greatly in evidence as soon as spring comes.

In the meantime those who contemplate building will have the pleasure of spending the winter evenings planning the home. That is one of



the greatest joys of building—planning just how the home will be after it is finished.

Undoubtedly the type of home that has the greatest appeal to the suburban and small city dweller is the bungalow. The convenience of the bungalow arrangement, the elimination of the back-breaking work of running up and down stairs, and the cosiness of having all of the rooms opening one into the other brought into immediate popularity the bungalow.

Great Advance Shown.

Since the beginning of this popularity, however, there has been a great advance in bungalow designing. One of the best of these latter designs is shown in the illustration accompanying this article. This white bungalow is a new type in home architecture and is designed for those whose lots are larger than are ordinarily found in the city. It might be called the Dutch colonial type, and, in its balanced simplicity and grace of roof line, will be to the middle West what the two-story Dutch colonial house is to the East.

The bungalow is 39 feet wide and 31 feet deep, while the sun porch, sleeping porch and kitchen porch, which are ranged along the back, extend eight feet farther.

The floor plan was designed with the idea of saving the steps of the housekeeper. The living room is typical of a bungalow and has that spaciousness which makes this type of home so popular. It is 22½ feet long and 12½ feet wide. One of its attractions is a large open fireplace, with bookcases on either side. Opening off the living room toward the rear of the house is the dining room, which is, large also, its dimensions being 11 by 17 feet. Built into the wall between the two windows is the buffet.

Sun Porch Attractive Feature.

Connected by a double door is the sun porch to the rear, which in summer makes an attractive breakfast room, and adds to the sense of spaciousness of the dining room. Toward the other side of the house is the kitchen, which also is of good size and is designed to accommodate the most modern kitchen equipment, so placed as to bring the greatest efficiency. To the rear of the kitchen is a porch, leading to the back yard.

The bedrooms are along one side of the house, one adjoining the living room, the other to the back of the house. Between the two bedrooms is the bathroom, which opens off a hall that connects the bedrooms. Double doors lead from the rear bedroom to the sleeping porch.

Thus it will be seen that although this would be termed a five-room house, it really is much larger.

The graceful lines of this house, with the opportunity afforded for window boxes and flower beds and shrubs surrounding it, make it particularly attractive from the outside.

This advance in bungalow design embodies the ideas of a number of architects, who have devoted much study to designing small homes. This type of home is engaging the attention of the leading members of the architectural profession more and more, as those who build homes nowadays have learned that a little money spent for advice from experienced and capable architects is worth while.

Compact Arrangement.

The design and floor plan are recommended for study to those who intend to build. The more they are studied the more it will be found that here is an excellent design for the family that will build a home of moderate size. It is compact in arrangement, has all of what is generally termed "the modern conveniences" and leaves little to be desired in appearance.

Just one word about the desirability of building this year. The cessation of the war has released many thousands of men skilled in the building trades. It also has released quantities of materials that have been used in war work. Both materials and labor now are available in abundance, and when the things that are needed are plentiful it is a good time to go ahead with any plan that entails the expenditure of money.

SLANG TERM OF OLD ORIGIN

Appellation "Deadhead" First Came Into Use When Dead City of Pompeii Was Flourishing.

Did you ever stop and think why, if you are so fortunate as to acquire a free ticket to something you should be called a deadhead? The reason for this bit of slang dates way back to the days of the ancients. In the national museum in Naples there is a case of old theater tickets that the Pompeiians didn't get a chance to use before their theater season was brought to such an abrupt close by the eruption of Vesuvius. They are made in various shapes, each shape showing which part of that particular ticket will admit you. You could get into the peanut gallery only when you presented the little pigeons, and to this day that gallery is called the pigeon loft in Italy. Then there were little skulls modeled of ivory, and these were used only by those who were to be admitted free. Hence, "deadhead."

Weird Sun Legend of Stonehenge.

In times of peace there was always an excursion to Stonehenge on June 20 to see the sun rise on the following morning, for on the 21st old Sol's first rays are supposed to strike the great altar-stone, on "Friar's Heel." This, tradition tells us, used to be the signal for the sacrifice of human victims in the days that are long gone by, and it is easy, when there, to imagine the early Druids, in their white robes, oak-crowned and wearing the mystic symbols—round their necks, gathering to make their offerings to Bel as they called the sun, and to the serpent, the Beltine fires glowing over the great plain the while.

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